

T H E
HAPPY DISCOVERY:

Or, The HISTORY of

MISS EMILIA CRESWELL.

VOL. II.



MISS EMILIA STUBBS

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E. C. V.

1995-96 2000-01 2005-06 2010-11 2015-16 2020-21

T H E
HAPPY DISCOVERY:
O R, T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
MISS EMILIA CRESWELL.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Who, PROVIDENCE! shall trace thy secret Ways,
Measure thy Judgments, or dispute thy Pow'r?
SEWELL'S Sir Walter Raleigh,

L O N D O N;
PRINTED FOR J. WILKIE, IN ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH-YARD; AND T. LOWNDES,
IN FLEET-STREET.

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MISS EMILIA CRESSWELL

SECOND VOLUME

VOL. II

PRINTED FOR J. WHITE, 1007 BROADWAY

CHURCH YARD, AND T. L. FOWLER

NEW YORK

1885

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OF THE

SÈCOND VOLUME.

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THE
HAPPY DISCOVERY.

LETTER LI.

Sir ROBERT TRENCHARD to Lord B——.

August 28.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said, my lord, this whole proceeding is far from pleasing me; and I am led, by an unaccountable impulse, to fear some evil should arise from this precipitate action

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of Lovegrove's. Indeed I cannot say, from any thing that I have heard, that I can clearly conceive what method he intends to follow in his future conduct with regard to his fair charge. A clandestine marriage, as your lordship has already justly observed, is far from being eligible, when so short a period as a twelve-month will leave the lady to her own disposal.

I must confess I should chuse to mitigate matters, and to reconcile Miss Creswel to her relations; and I think I have a person in my eye, who may be of service in bringing these matters about.—The Lady is said to possess an extraordinary share of understanding, as well as of virtue, and will, doubtless, approve our proposal: Her situation, at present, being

ing such an one as may well make a woman tremble.—She has no father, no brother to protect her, a cruel step-mother alone claims her obedience; and it is, perhaps, happy for her that I was joined in the guardianship. My care shall not be wanting to conciliate matters, if possible, with her relations, or to provide for her peace, if they should continue rigidly bent to persecute her.

WHILST I was in the country, I assure you I have been busied in what I esteem an office of friendship and humanity: This is no other than endeavouring to dissuade Mr. Barclay, of whom, I believe, your Lordship has some knowledge, from a strange resolution which he seemed to have formed, of ending his youthful days in solitude; these sollicita-

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tions, joined to some (no doubt more powerful ones) of his friends, it is hoped will at last prevail with him, not to deprive the world of so worthy a member of the community. There is a particular person whom I intend to employ in this business of reconciliation; though, for some particular reasons, I shall not chuse to communicate it to him, till I have his promise first, that he will proceed in it; and then, as he was ever pleased with the offices of humanity, I doubt not but he will be a powerful agent in the cause. The liberty I take with him, in this regard, I hope, the goodness of his heart will lead him to excuse; and I am sensible, if he brings it about, the conscious pleasure he will experience, resulting from so good an action, will, in a great measure, recompense his pains. He talks of solitude—

I have seen him ready to weep over a distressful story, in which he was by no means interested ; I have perceived him to be moved and animated (at hearing a tale of oppression) with a hero's fire, and burning with ardour to redress and right the injured.—What should such a man do in solitude ? He is, he must be, formed for society. Let then the gloomy misanthrope plunge himself deep in woods and desert caves ; let the envious, who hates mankind, withdraw himself from their haunts ; but such a sacrifice from Barclay, would be treason against Nature herself :—I cannot endure the thought of it.

You will pardon, my lord, this digression, which the feelings of my heart have, as it were, insensibly occasioned

B 3 me

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me to fall into.—Left I should be guilty of another, I will hasten to conclude, by assuring your lordship how much I am your devoted friend and servant,

TRENCHARD.

L E T.

LETTER LII.

DOCTOR HARLEY to Mr. BARCLAY.

September 2.

HOW industrious have you been, my ever-respected friend, to argue against your own happiness! How artfully have you endeavoured to bring me into the dilemma of acknowledging the propriety of your resolutions, or contradicting my own arguments!

BUT do you not remember, Sir, that there are different men, whom Heaven in its wisdom has thought proper to form for pursuits as various as their dispositions?—Your temper has ever been a sociable one, and it were vain for you to

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seek for happiness in solitude. Neither is it justifiable in you to remove from a world, which if it be indeed a bad one has so much the more occasion for the assistance of the good.—If you love Miss Creswel, it is surely no crime that you love her: If you have no prospect of obtaining her in marriage, it will, no doubt, be prudent in you to shun her company; but must you, therefore, shun all society? I think this can by no means follow. Nor can any one tell what blessings Providence may have to bestow upon us, when we least expect them; we should, therefore, wait with patience for a happier hour, and not, by a mad despair, anticipate miseries to ourselves. This piety and prudence equally forbid. I hope Mr. Barclay if not to *mine*, will at least attend to *their* dictates.

THE

THE holy men whom you have mentioned as withdrawing from the commerce of mankind, had they been actuated merely by the disappointments which they might have met with in life, would surely have deserved little praise for their secession from the world, when they could not enjoy any pleasure in it. To yourself, Sir, I must leave the application.

ON the whole, it appears that you are necessary to society; and that to leave it, therefore, I must be permitted to say, in you would be a crime against human kind, and against yourself. Such are my sentiments of the matter, which I have spoken freely; and, whilst I sincerely condole with you on your brother's death, and your father's indisposition, I cannot help reminding you, that nei-

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ther that brother nor that father would have approved of your retirement; and he who commanded you not to quit your friends and connexions for him, would scarcely approve of your doing so for any other cause.—I am glad the good Sir Robert has undertaken to remonstrate with you on this head. I believe you are convinced of his regard to you, and I hope his words will have their proper weight.

As to Miss Creswel, if Fame reports her truly, she is every way deserving of you, and seems, as it were, intended for your counterpart. I think it is great pity that an union cannot be brought about between you: yet no man can praise more than I do that generous piece of self-denial, which it seems you have practised, of not
com-

communicating the sentiments of your heart to one who is already engaged. But, to complete this admirable character, there is still something wanting. You should not retire, as out of humour with yourself for your own virtues; but you should stand to the last with a becoming fortitude, and make head against your afflictions, instead of flying before them. Consider what you owe to mankind in general, to your friends in particular, and yet more immediately to yourself; and then, if all these duties can be fulfilled by such resolutions as you are inclined to form, I am ready to give up the matter in dispute.

My dear Mr. Barclay, consider that I write not to you merely for the sake of supporting an argument, my heart, as well you

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know, is interested in your concerns ; and I hope you will never have reason to repent attending to my counsels. Of this I am sure, that none can advise you with a greater view to your good, than does your devoted

HARLEY.

L E T.

LETTER LIII.

Sir H. VERNEY to FRANCIS LOVE-
GROVE, Esq.

September 5.

SO, Frank, it is come to that at last,
and, it seems, you may *bind your
brow with mournful willow*, and echo

‘ TOM LOVES MARY PASSING WELL,
‘ BUT MARY SHE LOVES HARRY.’

Now may I be hanged if ever I heard
any thing to equal the little prude. Her
coolness is, indeed, easily now accounted
for: she would have taken fire sooner,
if Barclay had attempted to spring the
mine.

mine. Pray what think you of his retirement now? Oh! these silly sentimental people are more dangerous than wild young fellows, and the women will trust them sooner. Now what if—but I will not torment thee neither. Only tell me, dost thou entertain the same romantic notions of honour now as at first? And wilt thou still proceed on the same matrimonial plan?—I must confess, the girl has been artful enough to deceive even me; but pr'ythee, Lovegrove, dost thou not begin to feel thyself a little ridiculous? Yet do not despair, nor destroy thyself for love, lest thou give occasion of joy and gladness to the Grub-street garreteers, who may publish ‘A full and particular account of the melancholy death and burial of Frank Lovegrove; setting forth and shewing, how
‘ he

' he hanged himself in his own garters,
 ' for the sake of a young woman that
 ' had lost her *vartue* to another man,
 ' &c.' Sounds it not scurvily, my amorous knight? Lady Cæcilia is highly entertained with the discovery, and says she hopes it will be an antidote to that foolish love which we have been talking so much of; and yet she is not cruel enough to wish thou mayest lose thy *mistress*, though she would gladly have thee disappointed of a *wife*.

OBSTINATE as thou hast been, Frank, thou canst not but confess that her brisk ladyship is well acquainted with the manners of both sexes; and thou couldst not possibly have had a better counsellor.— Oh! it is happy to have a she-friend in cases of this sort. They are as a clue
 to

to guide us through the labyrinth of woman.

A-PROPOS!—Lady Cæcilia has promised to introduce me to thy mistress's friend, the lively Sophy. Her disposition and mine must necessarily agree. But I wonder what she does with that dull blockhead Hallam, tagging after her every where. I must own, I like her a little the worse for it: yet, faith, she is a good companion, and her quick wit is always agreeable.—But more of this at another opportunity.

FAREWEL, Frank, and may the dæmon of jealousy inspire thee with thoughts worthy of *one of us*, lest thou shouldst run thy head at once into the noose of
matri-

matrimony, and so become a *fond, believing, British husband*, which I have great reason to suppose will never be the fate of thy friend

H. VERNEY.

LET

LETTER LIV.

Sir JAMES BARCLAY to CHARLES BAR-
CLAY, Esq.

September 16.

AT length, my dear son, Providence has been pleased to restore me to my health, and to allow me the satisfaction of addressing my child in this tender manner. But I must confess this satisfaction is greatly damped, by the resolution you seem to have formed, of your intending to seclude yourself from a world in which you are scarcely yet initiated. If I have withdrawn myself from my country and my friends, certainly I did it not without reason. My ruined fortunes, and unhappy engagements, have been sufficient
to

to prompt me to such a proceeding. But you, my son, in this particular, should not, must not, follow the example of your unhappy father. I have already lost one child, let me not lose another.—It is impossible that you should live to me, if you live not to the world.

AND, after all, it is likely that this sacrifice is to be made rather to a hopeless love, than to any other motive. How! Is this the young man so celebrated for wisdom, and withal so famous for glorious self-denial? Is this he, whose prudence was alone sufficient to atone for all his father's weakness? And is he at last become the slave of passion? Is this courage? Is this fortitude? For shame, rouse timely from this soft, enervate lethargy, and be yourself again.

ALLOW-

ALLOWING to the person you mention every female perfection, must you be weak, because she is wise and virtuous? Must you run distracted, because she is beautiful?—Indeed, I cannot see the force of this argument. I speak this to you with the regard of a *friend*; but, to prevent you from making yourself miserable, which would be the most certain consequence of a recluse life, I may be justified in using even the authority of a *parent*; and, as such, I enjoin you, if still you regard my injunctions, to think no more of such an unnatural seclusion.

WHEN I cautioned you against trusting the favours of men in power, when I warned you against the wiles of mankind, this extreme was farthest from my thoughts.—But what need have I to say more?

more? You have the good Dr. Harley, who (as you yourself observe) dissuaded you from taking this step. Attend to him, and in his voice hear the precepts of your absent father.

You go too far, when you say that there is not one argument which makes for my retirement, that does not loudly call on you to take the same steps.—I could name several. To instance only one of them.—Is not the solicitation of a pardon, and restoration to my honour and estates, attended with many circumstances that make it very ungrateful to a man of spirit? And is not my present secession, till this shall be accomplished, a matter of absolute necessity? — Far different, (Heaven be praised!) is your situation in life; since you are courted by all parties,

in

in present possession of a competency, and loved and esteemed by all the world.

CONTINUE then, my son, in that society, which you seem calculated to adorn; continue to fulfil the relative duties of a man, till it shall please Heaven once more to place you in that sphere in which you ought to move, and to restore to you those honours forfeited by your unhappy father,

J. BARCLAY.

L E T.

LETTER LV.

CHARLES BARCLAY, Esq. to Dr. HARLEY.

October 13.

I YIELD, my dear preceptor (for so I still must call you) I yield to your arguments. Yes, I will once more launch out into the world, and endeavour at possessing myself of that fortitude which you so justly esteem: yet, if a sigh should now and then heave, if a sharp complaint should sometimes escape me, these must be borne with as the frailty of humanity. My father's recovery has restored a dawn of joy to my desponding soul. Oh! could that best of parents but be convinced by his own arguments, which still

I must think are strong against him, to return to his country and his friends, how great would be my pleasure; and, if I might express my sentiments freely, who so proper to attempt the pious task of persuading him, as Dr. Harley. Surely, he could not long resist the force and energy of your arguments:—Mine, alas! I am too certain, have proved but weak and inefficacious; yet hope still flatters me that he will alter his resolutions, and return again to his beloved country.—As to the difficulties objected, how soon would they vanish! How easily might he be restored, and with what joy would I undertake those humiliations on his behalf, which his high, unconquered spirit has ever disdained!—

SIR

SIR Robert Trenchard, ever a friend to our family, has not been wanting in his persuasions, to induce me to alter those resolutions of solitude, which I here abjure; and, as the first-fruits of my repentance, he has engaged me to do a good office for one of his family, which I have promised to undertake, though not entirely acquainted with the subject of it; since I know enough of the matter to perceive it will be a laudable action, and must depend on his honour for the rest.

ALL this time, good man, he knew not the source of my uneasiness; nor, in the midst of his endeavours to comfort me, did he attempt to pry into the secrets of my heart: yet were his consolations as well applied, and his arguments as well drawn, as if he had been actually ac-

quainted with the very circumstances that perplexed me. I have many obligations to him, and, the least I can do to return them, is to comply with his request, which I apprehend to be a very reasonable one. —My best wishes wait on Dr. Harley, and his good daughter, whose friendship I shall never forget, and whose regard for me will always live in my memory, whilst I am

BARCLAY.

L E T-

LETTER LVI.

Miss EMILIA CRESWEL to Miss SOPHIA
HOWARD.

September 17.

WELL, my Sophy, I have at last gotten an advocate with my friends, but such an one! The very last person, I am confident, that you would think on; Mr. Barclay, my dear, even he who talked of retiring from the world. He came to me, with letters from Sir Robert Trenchard, and undertook to plead my cause with my cruel mother. Surely, such a beneficent mind as his seems to be, could but ill have suited with a solitary life. But I am informed he has altered his resolution, at the intercession of his

C 2

friends.

friends. He appeared to be in a strange confusion of soul, and his heart was still labouring with a secret anguish.—Indeed, my dear, he seems to be a worthy man, and an accomplished gentleman.—Yet, surely, the rough blasts of afflictions bore hard upon him, and threatened to deface a noble structure.

MR. Lovegrove has been attacked by my rash, headstrong cousin, and I, in consequence, am now removed to R——, from whence I date this letter, and where I await, in great agitation of mind, for the answer of my mother-in-law to such proposals as will be made to her by Mr. Barclay. I assure you, there is nothing I more sincerely wish for than a reconciliation; and I should be well contented to return home to-morrow, if I

4

could

could be assured of being freed from the detestable addresses of Sands, and of not being reproached for what has passed. If this can but be effected, I shall sit down resigned, and leave the rest to Providence. But you never write a word to me about Mr. Hallam: how comes it, Sophy, that you seem to treat him so lightly. He is certainly a sincere and virtuous man, and esteems you above all your sex. May I not retort your pleasant charge of prudery upon yourself? Sure this would be but a just retaliation. Indeed, my heart knows little how to disguise itself from any one, and least of all from you. I will freely and sincerely own to you, that I would with pleasure give my hand to Mr. Lovegrove; yet as sincerely I must tell you, that, though his person is agreeable, his

character and temper are not, in every respect, what I could wish them; and he does not seem to be a man that gains upon his friends by their longer acquaintance with him. This, perhaps, you may think an over-delicacy in me; but I declare before Heaven, I speak the sentiments of my mind. Alas! I fear your friend is not destined to experience that happiness, which once she thought she had reason to expect, in this sublunary state! But it is vain to exclaim and repine against the will of Heaven; to that Heaven I submit myself, well assured, that whatever is decreed by the Disposer of all things, *is wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best*; and in this belief I hope I shall ever continue.

To

To Miss Howard I am still constant
in wishing every joy and every blessing;
and in praying that she may never ex-
perience such troubles as have of late
disturbed her

EMILIA.

C 4

LET.

LETTER LVII.

Miss SOPHIA HOWARD to Miss CRESWEL.

September 20.

INDEED, my dear, I am glad you have so powerful an advocate as Mr. Barclay. He will, doubtless, be a fixed votary in your cause: but can Miss Creswel be ignorant of the reason? He will bring about a reconciliation with your mother; but can you not guess at his motives? It were a pity, indeed, so excellent a man should be lost to the world; and it is no wonder that he has now altered his resolutions of retirement.

You say he looked as if some anguish possessed his heart. You guessed aright; but

but were you not sensible, at the same time, that it was in your power to remove it. If you know it not, I must be so plain with you as to tell you, that this very gentleman is in love.—Need I say with whom?—Miss Creswel knows her power too well.—In short, I find that a passion, which he had conceived for you, was the chief cause of his distracted state of mind. If then you have dealt sincerely with your Sophy, it is matter of astonishment that you should neither be acquainted with this circumstance from his mouth, nor from common report.—This is strange!—And it seems as if he were determined to recommend himself to you, at the same time that he supplanted Mr. Lovegrove, by promoting this so-much-desired reconciliation. If this be not his design, it is not easy to

ceive what is.—Seriously, my dear, it is likely there is much more in his proffered friendship than you are aware of; and it would not be amiss to be on your guard against him. Mr. Barclay, it is true, has ever been esteemed a most virtuous, open, and ingenuous man; but love is apt to change men's dispositions: and, as nothing is more certain than that he has long entertained a passion for you, how ignorant soever you may have been of the matter, so it is not improbable but that he may at length have yielded to its sollicitations, and resolved on this method of winning you. I know you will excuse my thus intruding my advice upon you.—I assure you I am so much concerned for Miss Creswel's happiness, that I would even hazard being called an impertinent, to do her a service.

BUT

BUT for Heaven's sake, my dear, what faults have you to find with Lovegrove? as I remember your regards were, in some measure, bestowed on him when his character was far from being so amiable as it now appears. You first brought him to see the folly and danger of his vices; you made him a convert to virtue and to delicacy of sentiment. But now what offence has he committed, except that of love? And how does he sink in your esteem, if that esteem be not placed on another object, and if you have not drawn disagreeable comparisons between him and more exalted characters? Forgive me the reflexion, Emily; but indeed it is a natural one.—And if the matter be not so, I cannot tell how to understand what, probably, you are not willing to make me acquainted with.

Now, positively, you must forgive me, my fair friend, for these observations, since, of late, you seem to be more reserved and obscure than I have been accustomed to find you: yet neither that reserve, nor any other circumstance, has been, or ever will be, sufficient to diminish the regard, or in the least degree to alienate the affections of your

SOPHIA.

LET-

LETTER LVIII.

Miss ARABELLA WILLIS to Miss HARLEY.

September 21.

ALAS! my Nancy, all my hopes are vanished! Yes, it is too plain that the beautiful, the amiable Miss Creswel possesses all his soul. Even now will he reconcile her to her friends: and why, but to ask her of them in marriage, and so to disappoint the hopes of the baffled Lovegrove?—But will Lovegrove suffer this? Can he forego his right and claim to the affections of a woman, for whom he has done so much? Or is he weak enough to suffer himself to be supplanted by the specious pretexs of a concealed rival? I trust he is not. But you, my dear

dear friend, can give better information with regard to this affair——

MR. Barclay has written a letter to me, in which he is at great pains to excuse himself from all engagements to me, and has been so artful as neither to own, nor absolutely to deny, his inclinations for another: but he solemnly protests he never yet proposed marriage to any one. By the whole drift of his epistle, it is easy to perceive that his affections are alienated from me; nor is it difficult to gather, that they are fixed on another. And all this is without any fault of mine. Yet oh! forgive the weakness of your friend, when she confesses, that on this man who flights her, does her whole happiness depend.

UNGRATEFUL as he is, still must I love him;—and I die if he is united to another.

another. What remedy then, my Nancy, what hope remains? Can I defeat his purpose, and disappoint his schemes? Yet, even granting that were done, is it likely he will bestow one dear regard the more upon me? I fear he will not. Every way I must then be miserable! But write to me, my friend, and communicate every circumstance that you can learn relating to this affair: for I am by no means the proper person to make enquiries; and if I were, I am not at present in a condition to do so. My spirits are in a continued hurry, and my brain is quite confused; I must even now lay down my pen, to give myself a moment of serenity. It is now almost midnight, and the rising morning will renew the troubles of your

ARABELLA.

L E T-

LETTER LIX.

Miss HARLEY to Miss ARABELLA WILLIS.

September 22.

I AM sorry, my dear Miss Willis, beyond expression sorry, to find you in such an uneasy state of mind. Believe me, I most sincerely share in your sorrows, and would do any thing in my power to relieve them. But what alleviation do they admit of? Surely none, but such as your own reason is capable of administering. I am but too sensible, indeed my dear, of the force of the passions in our weaker sex. It is difficult to overcome them, yet I do not think it impossible.

You

You say, Mr. Barclay has written to you, in such a style as shews you have no longer any share in his affections. Then, whether they are fixed on another or not, there is certainly little to be hoped for from him:—but you add, that he is even now recommending himself to Miss Creswel. Whatever may appear to favour this opinion, I think there are many arguments to destroy it. For, in the first place, the gentleman in question has ever behaved in the most scrupulous manner in matters of this kind, and is generally supposed to be incapable of artifice. It is also certain, that he has never yet made any advances to Miss Creswel, how well soever he may love her. Nor is it to be supposed that Mr. Lovegrove will so easily be deceived, and give any favourable opportunities to a rival of taking
from

from him what he has laboured so dearly to purchase.

BUT, admitting all this should happen, yet if you have really lost the affections of your lover, permit me to ask of what consequence it can be to your peace, on whom he bestows them? Miss Creswel, most undoubtedly, never wished to inspire him with any passion for her; and, it is most probable, she will be very uneasy when she finds that he entertains one.—You torment yourself, therefore, with imaginary evils, and, adding them to real ones, you make the whole intolerable. Now if Mr. Barclay be indeed engaged in such a fruitless pursuit as you imagine, the most likely method to restore him again to you, I think, will be that of suffering him to run his

his length, till checked, baffled, and disappointed (as of necessity he must be in so ill-concerted an undertaking) his delicacy of sentiment and good understanding being equally offended, he would retire weary from the chace of a phantom, and, not improbably, return once more to her from whom he had so unadvisedly separated himself.—Human nature, ever frail, sees not its errors in their proper light, till troubles and disappointments bring with them a late repentance.—So it may fare with him, even if what you suspect prove true. If it should not, perpetually to perplex him will be but a poor way of reclaiming his affections.—So that, on all hands, nothing more than patience can be prescribed. Yet this is a bitter remedy; but it is the only one
which

which remains, except such as are worse than the disease.

HOWEVER, with regard to the affair in question, you may depend that I shall make all possible enquiries, and transmit the result of them to you.—In the mean time, my dear Miss Willis, endeavour to compose yourself, and wait with patience the decrees of Heaven, which surely never intended to make so worthy a heart as yours unhappy.

I too have my difficulties; but I have confidence that shortly they will vanish, and leave that tranquility of mind (which I have ever wished to you) to be the portion of your devoted

ANNE HARLEY.

L E T.

LETTER LX.

FRANCIS LOVEGROVE, Esq. to Sir
H. VERNEY.

September 24.

NO less wonderful than true, Sir Harry! It is certainly so; and I shall go distracted. I have found, by intercepting letters, that my suspicions are true. It is plain, that this is all a scheme of Barclay's; but I am not so certain that I shall be able to overthrow a plan so deep laid, if (as I suppose) Emily really loves him. And that she does, I think, is plain from that coolness which, though entirely dependant on me, she has of late affected towards me. —Yes, I am despised and slighted for this

this idol of perfection, this *faultless monster*, whom I never so much as thought she was acquainted with. Is it not strange that Sir Robert Trenchard, my kinsman, should furnish him with letters for his purpose? And is it not still more strange, that I should be so blind and unsuspecting as to suffer him to introduce himself to Emily?

BUT if it be so—Nay, I am positive it is so—Can any revenge be too severe for both of them? As to the destroyer of my peace, surely I *can* deal with him. But then my Emily—Were it not cruel to wreak my vengeance on one so entirely in my power, and would not my honour suffer by deceiving her? Besides, I will own my weakness. The possession of her person is not all that I seek. No—I shall
be

be unhappy if she be not mine for ever ; and, in spite of every obstacle, she must and shall be mine. No proposal will I listen to ;—no specious terms of reconciliation shall be accepted, which may deprive me of the treasure that I so much value ; and Barclay, returning from his fruitless embassy, shall be called to a strict account for his deceitful plots.

As yet I have not said a word of this to Emily ; nor will I, till he arrives : but then my long-smothered passion shall have vent, and I will openly charge them both with their baseness. Think you that Barclay's sanctity shall screen him, or eloquence avail him, at that critical hour. Oh ! no ! By Heaven, I will make him own his treachery, or tear the secret from his false heart.—Was it
for

for this I have toiled and watched? Was it for this I have taken such pains to deliver Emily from her mother's tyranny, and to win her to my arms? But I must not lose her thus. Warned as I am of the danger, I will certainly prevent it; and, if once I take Emily to my arms, I believe there is but little danger of my becoming *a fond, believing, British husband*. No, my friend, whatever be my fortune, that credulous character shall never be mine. But you are ever severe upon marriage;—yet certainly there are instances where it has proved conducive to felicity. Nor can I now be happy without the possession of my Emily, and that not only for a time, but during life. Think you she will submit to become my mistress?—I am convinced of the contrary. Therefore I must marry her, or I must remain

remain for ever miserable: yet, whenever I mention so near and dear an union, she seems to start back, as it were, affrighted, and gives perpetually fresh grounds for my suspicions.

I MUST dive yet farther into this mystery, before I can determine upon any regular plan of action. As soon as that is done, you may expect to hear farther from

LOVEGROVE.

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LETTER LXI.

CHARLES BARCLAY, Esq. to Dr. HARLEY.

September 25.

HOW unexpected an event since I last wrote to you, my dear tutor, has employed my thoughts.—You may remember I then informed you, that I had undertaken what I deemed an office of humanity, for some of the friends of Sir Robert Trenchard. My word being passed to perform this, the baronet told me, it was only to reconcile to her friends a young lady, who had lately eloped from them, named Miss Creswel. I was surprised, but concealed (as well as I could) my astonishment, and proceeded to undertake

dertake the business, which I am now setting forward to perform, with all that fortitude you have so strongly recommended.

PREVIOUS to this, I have seen both the lady and Mr. Lovegrove. The former I found very melancholy and dejected; her beautiful features appearing clouded over with care, and her whole air expressed a seeming discontent and uneasiness.—When I delivered my letters, and spoke of a reconciliation, she seemed eager for it; but Mr. Lovegrove was far from being so. He tenderly pressed her hand, and he conjured her to be mindful of his ardent passion, and to do nothing that might injure his love, or endanger his losing her for ever. Sir Robert's arguments, however, which the

fair-one seconded, at length prevailed; and it was agreed on that I should go, charged with their letters and with his, to endeavour at conciliating matters with Mrs. Creswel, to whom the beautiful Emily promises to return, on condition that she shall be no more importuned, in behalf of a man whom she hates, but left at liberty to spend the remainder of her minority in a single state.—[And, doubtless, when she comes of age, she will marry Lovegrove.]

HAD I not great resolution, think you, Dr. Harley, to hear these proposals made, and see Lovegrove pressing and caressing her with a thousand endearments? Yet I have endured all this, and am even now proceeding to procure the happiness of Miss Creswel, though it should be at the
 expence

expenſe of my own. Yet many a ſigh heaves from my troubled breaſt, and I experience a thouſand pangs, whiſt I am performing this painful piece of ſelf-denial.

BUT I have reſolved that I will gain a victory over my paſſions, whatever the conſequence may coſt me; and, to prove it, I will moſt faithfully execute this commiſſion of my rival's, be inſtrumental to the felicity of Miſs Creſwel, and then ingenuouſly declaring at once my hopeleſs love, and my reſolution of overcoming it, I will induſtriouſly avoid every occaſion of ſeeing her more.— Yet will I enjoy the ſocial ſweets of life amidſt my friends, and in my native country; whither I will yet once more

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solicit my father to return, and share them with me.—Such effects have your friendly consolation and counsel wrought upon your

BARCLAY.

LET-

LETTER LXII.

Mr. CLEVELAND to Miss HARLEY.

September 28.

STILL, my Nancy, I cannot believe Miss Creswel is true to her Lovegrove; though it is not unlikely but this scheme may have been laid by Barclay, to get an opportunity of speaking to the lady, and to endeavour at supplanting his rival: yet even this suits not with his character, nor is the stratagem likely to succeed with one so constant.

BUT who is Lovegrove? The nephew to lord viscount B—. Indeed! That is strange. I never heard his brother had

more than one child, and I am most credibly informed, that he died abroad. However, if his lordship acknowledges him for an heir, that is a matter which concerns none of us : I mention it only to prove, how easily the world may be deceived in matters relating to private families.

BUT, my dear, these vague answers of your father are unaccountable, and are not consistent with the general tenour of his behaviour. I burn with impatience to see you, and I cannot be thus repulsed.— If your next letter bring me not tidings of an alteration in his resolutions respecting me, I will write to him myself, and endeavour to move his compassion in favour of the unhappy

CLEVELAND.

L E T.

LETTER LXIII.

Lady CÆCILIA WALTHAM to Sir H.
VERNEY.

September 28.

I AM glad, however, that the poison begins to work. We shall be able soon, I doubt not, to render the prude unfit for the arms of her Barclay. Yet I would not have Lovegrove *marry* her: that there will be no occasion for; but she must not return to her mother's, at least, till she receives her back with shame. Indeed, Sir Harry, you have not yet known the grounds of my policy. It was not for nothing that I begged to be admitted of your council. The Creswel family you know, indeed,

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I ever hated; yet know you not the foundation of that hatred, and, I am well assured, you are supremely ignorant of the fatal effects it will produce: but, whatever they be, I have no doubt of your rejoicing in them.

FARTHER, it may seem strange to you, that I seem now to take a pleasure in the disappointment of my old friend; Mr. Barclay, and have no concern for his happiness, by whose father I was caressed and beloved.

BUT these things may, at present, best remain in obscurity. Tell me only the extent of your regard for Lovegrove. I have a particular reason for asking this question, and expect a serious answer to it. You must not wonder at this, since
it

it comes from a woman. You know we are all strange unaccountable creatures; but you must give us the preference in *scheming*; and, when this affair is completed, you will say Cæcilia Waltham was a very Machiavel.

BUT I must not praise myself too much, lest I should fall in the esteem of those from whom I may expect this tribute.

POOR Arabella Willis grows more and more dejected. I think Barclay will be the death of that girl. Such are the effects of his virtues and good qualities. Indeed, baronet, it will be difficult for you, with all the disposition you have for it, to do so much mischief, as it is

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likely he will do ; but of this hereafter.—
At present, you have nothing to do,
but to encourage the jealousy of Love-
grove, and follow the counsel of

CÆCILIA WALTHAM.

LET-

LETTER LXIV.

Sir H. VERNEY to Lady CÆCILIA
WALTHAM.

October 4.

YOUR ladyship is indeed very deep in politics, and I must confess myself too shallow to comprehend your designs. This, however, I will be bold to say, that any mischief done to the Creswel family will by no means displease me. You know both the mother and daughter were insolent enough to refuse my proffered alliance; and the young prude speaks of me, to this day, with the utmost contempt. I find there is an intimate connexion between her and your old acquaintance, Sophy Howard. That

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is a lively girl, and I could like her very well for a bed-fellow: I wonder what she thinks to make of that dull-pated fellow, Hallam; not an husband, sure! Well, for spirit and manner, I'll be sworn I think she might as well marry one of the giants at Guildhall.—

BUT now, as to your question about Lovegrove.—Indeed, I once had some little regard for him, as a merry fellow and a boon companion; but your ladyship may very well remember, how he separated himself from our parties, to dance after his painted puppet here, that led him such a dance: nor did he apply to me, till sick of the chase. If then I assisted him with my advice, it was rather from my dislike of the Creswel family, and my love of what your ladyship, in a
truly

truly feminine style, is pleased to call *mischief*, than from any consideration of remaining friendship.

THUS I have ingenuously answered your question; yet, as I know not how he has offended you, nor of what use it can be to torment him, I should think this business might be managed without any ways sacrificing Frank, or his interests; but that matter I shall submit to your ladyship's guidance. Meanwhile I shall, on every account, dissuade him from marrying the girl, and, in that particular, most certainly I shall serve him: for who would purchase what is already his own by conquest.

HOWEVER, if lady Cæcilia Waltham brings about what she has promised,
what.

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whatever be her motives of action, and whatever her manner of proceeding, I shall, indeed, acknowledge her to be a Machiavel in petticoats.

BUT pray, is not your ladyship related to this family, whose destruction you seem to wish so ardently. Indeed, I am *quite at a fault*, as the fox-hunters say by their hounds, and can make nothing of all this plan. This I expect you to esteem as the greatest compliment that can possibly be paid by your ladyship's eternally devoted

H. VERNEY.

LET-

LETTER LXV.

WILLIAM MAINE, Esq. to the E. of M—.

October 8.

THE story which you have related to me is, indeed, surprizing. And is it possible, that the young man too should be ignorant of a matter that may so nearly concern him?—For my part, I protest before Heaven, that I have not the least objection to the manner in which your lordship intends to proceed in his regard;—it were pity, however, that the youth should have entertained vain hopes of aspiring to an earldom; and it was well done of your lordship, to check and cut off such expectations: but, what appears the most extraordinary in all this affair

affair is, that you should yourself be absolutely ignorant of his descent. You have, indeed, given sufficient reasons why this mystery should sleep till his nuptials, lest the story should throw any crosses in his way.

BUT, I think, I have somewhere heard mention made of the man you spoke of, as the only person who could be supposed capable of unravelling this mysterious affair. I will make all possible enquiries about him; and, as my curiosity is in [some measure raised, shall be extremely pleased if they succeed.

I SHOULD be glad, likewise, if your lordship would make me acquainted with the result of the treaties carried on with Mrs. Creswel. She is a cruel and obstinate

stinate woman, and, it is most likely, will consent to no terms, but such as are of her own proposing; while Lovegrove will, no doubt, be loth to part with the prize he is in actual possession of. However these things may fall out, I am fully convinced that lord B—— will act generously by the youth, and do justice to his own relations.

FAREWEL, my lord, when it suits you to make a little excursion into the country, all your friends at M—— will be glad to see you, and none more so than your ever-devoted cousin and servant,

W. MAINE.

L. E. T.

LETTER LXVI.

Mr. GOODWIN to CHARLES BAR-
CLAY, Esq.

October 9.

THE news of your indisposition,
dear Sir, much concerns me: but
I fear you have been yourself, in some
measure, the cause of it.—You carried
your notions of heroism to too high a
pitch. To endeavour at forgetting a
mistress, to resolve never to see her more,
this indeed might be done: but to carry
on treaties for her rival, to attempt the
promotion of his interests, and at once to
declare your passion, and abjure it at her
feet, this was too much; if not more
than mortal, perhaps, ever did, it was
more

more than a man could reasonably expect to go through.

NOR must you suppose after all, my friend (such is the suspicious nature of mankind) that Lovegrove will believe you have acted on motives so disinterested, so generous.—I speak not this as one who thinks to disappoint you in your hopes of praise.—No—I am too sensible that Mr. Barclay acts not on such principles; I would only caution him not to be surprised, if he should meet with a treatment directly the reverse of what he deserves, and caution him against any thing that may happen. Lovegrove is of a jealous disposition; and it would be very difficult to convince him of an exalted piece of heroism like this. Permit me to say, that, if he has been characterised
aright

aright to me, he is one who considers the world in a light far different from that in which you view it; and, consequently, must often attribute mens actions to different motives from those which you would deem them to spring from.—After all, who knows his real designs with regard to Miss Creswel, or how that affair may end, if he perceives no likelihood of obtaining that fortune with her, which she has always been supposed to command. Your over-nice honour, for aught you know, my friend, may prove the means of hurting the very persons whom you want to serve.

You will excuse, Sir, the freedom that I take of expostulating with you on these subjects, when you consider it as an effect of that friendship which I have
 ever

ever been proud to boast. You have taken Dr. Harley's advice (and allow me to say it was mine also) of returning to your social connexions, and every one that knows you is obliged to you for so doing;—perhaps it might not be amiss now, if you were to take this farther counsel of a friendly heart, which is, not to carry your heroism beyond humanity, and to regard your health, as that on which the well-being of many may, in after-times, depend! These two things I particularly mentioned, as you are the most likely, of all mankind, to suffer for want of paying due attention to them.

HAVING already delivered the sentiments of my heart relating to your
affairs,

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affairs, I shall lengthen out this letter no farther, than by assuring you how much I am your sincere friend,

GOODWIN.

LET-

LETTER LXVII.

MISS EMILIA CRESWEL to Miss SOPHIA
HOWARD.

October 12.

MR. Barclay, my dear, has returned
successless from his enterprize.
My mother will consent to receive me on
no other consideration, than that of
throwing myself entirely upon her mer-
cy: and Mr. Lovegrove swears he will
have no surrendering on discretion; that is
his phrase: though, for my own part,
I think I could almost submit to any
thing, rather than remain as I am, en-
tirely at his discretion.

WHAT strange reflexions have you
made, Sophy! And how could you ever

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imagine

imagine that I would give encouragement to another, whilst I was no longer allowed my own mistress by my parent, and absolutely under a roof of Mr. Lovegrove's? Indeed, I can scarcely forgive you the supposition; but your lively temper must excuse all.

HOWEVER, you were right in your first remark.—Yes, Sophy, Mr. Barclay loved me.—And, at the same time that he let me know he loved, he abjured a passion, which, he said, he foresaw could be productive of no good to any, and might be the source of much trouble to me.—A godlike man, my friend, and such an one as I could scarcely have thought to exist.

MR. Lovegrove knows not, as yet, of this declaration; when he comes to hear it, what a sublime opinion must he entertain of this man?—And he shall hear it from me, my Sophy: I will do justice to the character of a man, who is unhappy for my sake!—

THE result of all, I believe, will be, my removal to Sir Robert Trenchard's, where I must wait till I come of age, and then—What then?—I really believe I shall be contented to lead a single life.—Do not call this prudery:—my heart is a stranger to it; but the vexations I have experienced have proved so fatal to my peace, that my troubles have been, as it were, the tomb of my affections.

You demand my objections to the character of Mr. Lovegrove, or what offence he has given me of late?—I answer, offence he has given me none, except only in conveying me from my mother's house, which I am now fully convinced he did, by a preconcerted scheme, and which has been to me the occasion of much uneasiness.—But as to his character, temper, and manners, I answer, that I find him fiery and untractable, and can perceive but too plainly, that the seeds of vice are not entirely eradicated from his breast. It is therefore I said, he is far from gaining upon any one by a long acquaintance.—Such are my notions of this ardent lover, from whose protection I now should wish to be removed; though indeed, I must own, that he behaves with the greatest decorum, visiting me only by permission,

and

and shewing great deference to every thing that I say : yet it is to be remembered, that I subsist entirely upon his bounty ; and this, you will easily imagine, to be a very disagreeable consideration, to one of my turn of my mind ; nor must I longer submit to it. To-morrow I expect to see him, and consult what course is to be taken, in consequence of the message from my mother : then will I make him acquainted with these my resolutions. Sir Robert will receive me, I know he will : and, since matters are not likely to be accommodated at home, to him must I retire, and remain under his protection.

CAN you blame me, my friend, for adopting this conduct ? Somewhat of a similar nature, as I think, you advised.

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Necessity compels me now to take measures, which then I was fearful of engaging in. Adieu, Sophy! I will write again, when I know the event of this matter, which so nearly concerns your

EMILY.

LET-

LETTER LXVIII.

CHARLES BARCLAY, Esq. to Miss
EMILIA CRESWEL.

October 13.

ASSURE yourself, madam, that I will still do every thing to promote your happiness; still will I labour in your cause.—And I assure you, I should long since have consulted with Sir Robert, but that a violent indisposition has prevented my returning into the country. Need I tell Miss Creswel the cause of it? It arose from the deep impression which our late conversation left upon my mind, the traces of which, it is probable, no length of time will ever be able to erase.—It is inconceivable what I have suffered on

E. 4

your

your account; yet I dare not even ask you to pity me. Unhappy situation this of the feeling heart, which languishes with what it dares not disclose. This once only, allow my pen to repeat, what my tongue has already made you acquainted with, that I love you to distraction; that the flame, fanned by your presence, has almost drank up my blood; and that I am ready to fall a victim to a passion, the most pure that ever warmed a human breast.—But you know the fixed resolution which we both have made.—Yet remember, that I am but man, frail man, made up of ardency and impatience.—

BUT prudence here commands me to break off, since it is for our mutual interest that I should do so; and Heaven witness
for

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for me that I will, to the best of my abilities, keep inviolate those vows, which, in the sincerity of my heart, I breathed forth before you. Meanwhile, Miss Creswel may depend that she has a constant advocate, and a most tender friend, in her devoted

BARCLAY.

E. S. LET-

LETTER LXIX.

SIR ROBERT TRENCHARD TO CHARLES
BARCLAY, Esq.

October 15.

IT has given me great uneasiness, my worthy friend, to hear that you have not succeeded to your wish, in your overtures to that inexorable woman; but still greater to find that you have been indisposed.—You have, I doubt not, fatigued yourself greatly, and made the cause which you solicited your own.—

I NEED not ask your excuse for engaging you so abruptly in this scheme, since I was so well acquainted with the goodness of your heart, that I had little
doubt

doubt but the task would, in the end, be a pleasing one.

BUT is it true that Lovegrove complains of, that Emily's affections begin to cool towards him? That, methinks, I should be sorry to hear, for his heart is certainly set on her: she also first occasioned a reformation in his manners, which all his friends were rejoiced to see.—But, should he be disappointed in his love, most assuredly he will never marry; and it were pity such an one as he (the heir to a great family) should waste his youth in a course of riot and dissipation.

INDEED, I know no better method that can be taken, than that which you have hinted, of placing the young lady with me, till she is of age to chuse for herself.

As her guardian, I have a right to demand this : as a friend, if it be agreeable to her, I will claim that right. In me she will find a parent's care ; and it is possible my sister may not prove a disagreeable companion to her.

THE sooner I have the pleasure of seeing you here, it will be the better, as I shall expect the answer which will be returned by Miss Emily, with some impatience. But be cautious not to injure your health by any sudden journey, or endanger a relapse, since this would be paying a price infinitely too dear for the gratification of my eagerness, since your health and welfare will ever be the principal care and wish of your most sincere friend,

TRENCHARD.

L E T.

LETTER LXX.

JOHN JERNEGAN to Mrs. CRESWELL.

October 18.

MADAM,

WHEN your ladyship receives this, you will understand that many enquiries have been made about me, which I do not at all like of:—Because, I believe, some services which I have done for you, may not be so well to be looked into! For I have been very uneasy in that respect, ever since the young gentleman was taken so suddenly away: for if that business should come to light, it might not be of the greatest service to you nor me.

THE

THE persons who took so much pains in asking about me so much, I find came from Sir William Maine; and what could be wanting with me from that quarter? And, indeed, I look upon Sir William to be one of those busy people, who are fond of meddling; yet I cannot conceive that there can be any thing of this known to him neither: for why? It is not known to the gentleman concerned. But 'tis ill trusting too much; and what could a great man, like him, want of me, but some mischief? However, silence is the word, let what will come of it: so, at any rate, you shall not need to fear what comes from me. I have nothing more at heart than your ladyship's service, for which you pay me nobly, and may always command, your's till death,

J. JERNEGAN.

L E T.

LETTER LXXI.

Mrs. CRESWEL to JOHN JERNEGAN.

October 22.

Honest John,

YOUR care is very agreeable to me ; but I would by no means have you frighten yourself about the affair that you mention. Every circumstance will, doubtless, render it impossible for any one to come to the knowledge of that business, except from your mouth or mine. His youth, indeed, might alone be your security. Nor could he who took him be any ways acquainted with his name or family.

INDEED,

INDEED, it was a good business done, and I begin to wish Emily had followed his fortunes; for she is perverse and headstrong, like the rest of the family. If I could have matched her with Sands, I should have been glad. I would, indeed, have proposed her to my nephew, but particular reasons made against it.—Sands, however, would have made me so handsome a compliment, that my kinsman's circumstances might have been the better for it: but now all hopes of that are over, and I have nothing to do, but to drive her to such courses, as may give her trouble in the recovery of her fortune: I have, therefore, refused to receive her home again, except on such terms as I well know she will not accept. And so far all goes right.—Lovegrove, I know, will be eager and impatient, and

a clandestine marriage, or something worse, will be the consequence. Perhaps I may have farther employment for you, on her account: till when I remain, honest John, your sincere friend,

E. CRESWEL.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXII.

Lord B—— to Sir WILLIAM MAINE.

October 25.

IS it not strange that this Jernegan should abscond; he is certainly afraid of ill consequences: but he must be found out, and the whole mystery, by some means, drawn from him.—You may, perhaps, be surprised, that I should be contented to remain so long in ignorance of my reputed kinsman's real descent; but, to say the truth, I thought myself so certain of his being the son of a Cornish gentleman, that I took the liberty of writing him word, that I knew where he might find his child, whom he had lost.—

He

He came to ———; a conference ensued; in which I found myself to have been greatly deceived in my conjectures, as neither the time, place, person, nor age of my supposed kinsman, answered to the description of his son. But the most obvious difference was, that the lost child was marked with a large mole upon his thigh; but Lovegrove bears a small one on his right shoulder, together with a deep scar on his left arm; marks by which his relations, whoever they be, may undoubtedly easily recollect him. The very mistake which I have made, has arisen from some obscure hints, thrown out by this very man, with whom (as I believe I have told you) I had once before conversed.

BUT

BUT I am still in the same mind, Sir William, of mentioning nothing concerning this matter to the young man, till I see how this marriage negotiation will terminate.—Though I must own, I have much to fear from his impetuosity of temper.—His birth, however, needs not to be known to his bride, unless he shall please to communicate it to her; yet I shall take care to inform her that he is not heir to my title and estate, although I shall leave him a handsome fortune.—It would be well, in the mean time, if we could contrive to discover his real parentage, and at once inform him of his mistaken and his real origin. By this method, every end we can propose will be answered, and I shall enjoy a signal pleasure in the part which I have sustained in this affair.—The real heir of our family will be agreeably
fur-

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surprised, and all things will answer as I would have them. The nuptial-feast shall then be celebrated at my house in town, and Sir William's company there will be esteemed the highest obligation, by his devoted friend,

B—

L E T.

LETTER LXXIII.

FRANCIS LOVEGROVE, Esq. to Sir
HARRY VERNEY.

October 26.

BY Heavens! my friend, 'tis so: I am jilted, cozened, betrayed, by a false, faithless, hypocritical woman, nay, by a girl, not yet arrived to the age of maturity. Oh! I could curse my fond credulity, and rail at myself for an age. But this avails not, and other measures must be taken; for I will have revenge, if it is to be met with on earth, nay, if I should fetch it from the infernal regions.

To tell you my whole story in few words, Barclay, that hypocrite Barclay,
has

has meanly supplanted me in the affections of my mistress, nay, of my wife, as once I intended to make her. They are far gone in a secret correspondence together; and this was his motive for meddling in her affairs, and undertaking to promote a reconciliation with her mother. That, however, has failed; but yesterday I found from the servant (who waits on her by my order) a letter * written in terms tender and passionate, which has convinced me of the truth of my suspicions, and rendered me extremely unhappy.

WITHOUT coming to any explanation with the false one, I have conveyed her to the House in the Wood †, which you
are

* Meaning Letter LXVIII.

† For the description of this house, see Letter LXXVII. of this volume.

are well acquainted with; and there she shall remain, strictly looked after, till I can join her. Not a lover, not a flatterer, no, not even a female friend shall be permitted to visit her.

YES, Sir Harry, I am now every thing that you can wish me; no longer the whining lover, no longer the weak adorer of a fickle female: no, I resume the man. Emily neither intends her person nor her fortune to be possessed by me;—now should I, by every artifice, by every prevailing argument that young desire can prompt, secure to myself the possession of those beauties, for which my soul so long has languished, and which she has destined for another's arms: Oh! this once done, were, indeed, a glorious and a sweet revenge. Then would she, kneeling
ing

ing at my feet, request that mercy which she deserves not, and which, if I granted to her earnest prayers and entreaties, I should be most certainly accounted the most generous of men.

Now, if you have yet any regard remaining for your friend, assist me; and let Lady Cæcilia also oblige me with her counsel: for there is nothing like consulting with a woman how to deal with her own sex.

INDEED, my dear friend, I blush to think how like a knight-errant I have behaved, and how stupidly I have slighted your good advice: but henceforth I am wholly your's and her ladyship's;—order me as you please, do with me what you will;—instruct me but how to gain the

possession of my false fair one, and I will be obedient as a child to you: for, by heaven, my brain is in such confusion at present, that I am far from being in a condition to lay schemes; yet I glow with a desire of revenge, which I must, some way or other, find the means of gratifying; and, till it is gratified, I am well assured, Sir Harry, there will be no happiness for your friend

LOVEGROVE.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXIV.

Sir H. VERNEY to F. LOVEGROVE, Esq.

October 31.

AND is she certainly false at last, Lovegrove? Is there proof positive of the jilt's defection?—Nay, then it is all over with thee indeed. Poor Frank! how I pity thy unhappy situation! But let us examine the matter. Pray how dost find thyself? Angry, warm, confused, jealous.—Positively, in love still.—Guilty, upon my honour. Faith, now I wish thou hadst not acknowledged thyself to be an ass, merely that I might have had the supreme satisfaction of proving thee to be one: but thou art so submissive, and so penitent,

F 2

that

60 THE HAPPY DISCOVERY.

that I cannot but pity thee, though thou dost not deserve it. Nay, more, I am willing to assist thee still; but no *marriage*, or I withdraw my succour.

OUR female ally has written an epistle to thee on the subject, and I doubt not but she will give thee a proper idea of her sex's arts, since she herself possesses them in a very high degree.—To her care, for the present, I shall commit the scheme, observing only, that, if having once embarked, you turn back from your plan, neither her ladyship nor myself can possibly be accountable for the consequences; but go boldly on, and we may venture to ensure you success.

I HAVE been introduced to Sophy Howard; and, faith, I am much better pleased

pleased with her lively manner, than ever I should expect to be with the prudish Emily's; yet I find they are strict friends, and, it is possible, I may be able to make use of that circumstance for thy advantage; but indeed, Frank, thou wouldst do well to have a little patience, and give thy friends leave to look about them. Persevere, and doubt not of success: Lady Cæcilia will say the rest for me; so I will only add that I am thine,

H. VERNEY.

LETTER LXXV.

Lady CECILIA WALTHAM to FRANCIS
LOVEGROVE, Esq.

November 5.

I HAVE taken up my pen, Sir, at the desire of Sir Harry Verney, and in pity to your situation.—Whoever deals freely with you must say, that, after what has happened, it would be highly improper that you should marry the girl; and it would be absolute folly to give her up: detained therefore she must be, by some means, in your power.

FORCE is the last thing I would employ in this business;—it may do, indeed, when every thing else fails; but, to keep
her

her closely confined now, unless you intended (which I am fully convinced you do not) to use absolute and immediate violence, can avail you *little*.—Use, rather, soothing arts, and cunning stratagems, to win her to your purpose. Raise her ambition, flatter her vanity, bestow commendations on every weakness she has; seem ignorant of the trick that she has played you, and she, who is yielding to a stranger, is most likely to prove the conquest of a lover: but, if you pursue the contrary maxim, you will be sure to make her hate you, and force will be your only expedient. I speak from a knowledge of the world in general, and of my own sex in particular.—As to the aunt or nephew, mind them not, but keep a careful eye on her conduct with this Barclay, and also suffer her not, by

any means, to go to Sir Robert's, for then you will be likely entirely to lose her.

ABOVE all things, endeavour to awaken in her breast a resentment against her step-mother. Revenge is a great and prevalent passion in women; and, if Emily Creswel has it not, then can she not be a woman. Keep her also, as before I advised, in perpetual alarms, and an eternal hurry of spirits. This conduct will give you every advantage you can wish over her, if accompanied with that ardency of passion, which, as it is real, cannot fail to move.—Watch, then, the moments nicely as they pass, and some unguarded interval, it is likely, will offer itself, wherein to crown your labours with the wished-for joy. But be careful
to

to keep her ever dependent on you: that minute she is otherwise she will fly. Speak not with acrimony of Barclay.—Affect the opposite manner, whenever he is the subject of discourse; so shall you wind from her still more of her sentiments of the man; and, at the same time, have it in your power to blast his character, by raising certain friendly doubts concerning it, without being known for an enemy. If your rash hand has attempted already any revenge, these latter cautions must, indeed, prove unnecessary; if not, pursue them, and prosper: and remember, that every day a woman in Emily's situation exists on the bounty of her lover, she becomes the more his slave. Emily Creswel should have thought on this; but, perhaps, her designs were laid yet

more deeply, and you were intended only for her stalking-horse. Be this as it may, the power, as I think, of controuling and subduing this proud beauty, is still in your hands, if you do but use it prudently.

PARDON me, Mr. Lovegrove, but I am in pain for you, on account of those fierce commotions which you are so apt to put yourself into. At such times, you not only defeat your *present*, but often your *future* purposes: for your whole soul is open to those who care to peruse it. Yet I have heard of men, who have been able to remember particular things, whether in liquor, anger, or even in madness itself; and this recollection has, no doubt, been owing to the strong and deep impressions

pressions made in their more sober minds, by those very particulars. Apply this, and be it so with you, in your short transports of fury, in regard to every thing concerning Emily, lest your tongue, betraying the counsels of your heart, you should be disappointed when least you fear it, and repent too late.

As to Barclay, let him pass, for this time, unnoticed (if you have not yet defied him :) for many reasons it will be the better way ; and rest assured that, if you succeed in your plans, the revenge taken on him will be greater than any you could hope from the sword. Such are the maxims which I would have you pursue : Sir Harry also approves them, and some of the hints are

his. Farewel, be cautious in your conduct, and doubt not of success. In extraordinary cases you need but apply to the baronet, and to your friend

CÆCILIA WALTHAM.

LET.

LETTER LXXVI.

Mr. CLEVELAND to Miss HARLEY.

November 8.

I AM transported with joy, my dear Nancy, at hearing that your father has consented to see me, and reason with me on the subject of my love; and, I doubt not, but that I shall win him over to suffer the continuance of my addresses. I am well assured, that I shall be sufficiently able to disprove any thing that may be said to the disadvantage of my character; and in this assurance I rest secure. Yes, my Nancy, the time will come when we shall be united, happily united, to the satisfaction of all our friends, and, I hope, enjoy as great felicity

THE HAPPY DISCOVERY.

licity as human nature is capable of in this sublunary state.

How much soever you may be surprised at what I hinted in my last, I must again assure you that Mr. Lovegrove is not, cannot be, the Lord B——'s nephew; for his brother never had more than one son, of whose death it would not be difficult for me to give a circumstantial account. If Miss Creswel marries him, therefore, as the true heir to the estates and honours of the noble family which he is supposed to spring from, she will be greatly deceived: for there is not the least doubt, however matters may appear to the world, that he is entirely dependent on the viscount's bounty, whose next of kin is a young gentleman named Seybourn, now residing in Dorsetshire.

One

THE HAPPY DISCOVERY. 111

One Sir William Maine also calls him cousin, and, I believe, is the heir, if he dies without issue.

How I came to the knowledge of this affair, is too tedious for me here to set down; but I have living evidences for all that I say, and such too as cannot admit even of a doubt; yet I cannot but own my love, that your curiosity in these matters appears somewhat strange to me: however, I have not spared pains to gratify it. But you ask, if he be not the son of Lord B——'s brother, whose son is he? This, indeed, I cannot resolve you; but, I believe, there are those living in this country who can. Neither am I able to trace the grounds of this extraordinary proceeding, with which, it is likely, his lordship's relations will not be very well pleased.

But

112 THE HAPPY DISCOVERY.

But Lord B—— himself is, no doubt, best acquainted with the motives that have urged him to adopt so extraordinary a conduct.

My dear girl, I am impatient till I see you ; I languish till I am happy in your presence, which will be the greatest consolation to your affectionate lover

CLEVELAND.

L E T.

LETTER LXXVII.

Miss EMILIA CRESWEL to Miss SOPHIA
HOWARD.

November 10.

O H, Sophy! troubles to me are multiplied; one perplexity follows upon another. Never was man so altered as Mr. Lovegrove; he is ever keeping me in perpetual alarms. A few days since, he suddenly removed me, under the notion of my not being in safety where I was. His entreaties were so passionate, that I could not withstand them; and now am I buried in a strange house, which stands in the midst of a deep wood, in ———shire. My waiting-woman, who used to attend me by his appointment, is also

also changed. Here I see not a soul but an elderly woman, whom he calls a house-keeper, and a little foot-boy.

THE house is a model of antiquity, and seems formerly to have been part of a large building, which time, or more swift-destroying war, has swept away, saving only some ruins, in which the night-owl holds her boding reign.—The pile is heavy and gloomy; creeping ivy overspreads the building. Within, wide halls, and long resounding arcades, speak a kind of Gothic grandeur. The rooms are hung with tapestry, decayed and moth-eaten, yet retaining signs of well-executed art. Escutcheons and old trophies deck the walls; the windows are adorned with many a pane of painted glass. Long dark galleries lead from room to room; and

and the whole fabric seems designed for privacy and retirement.

YET should not all this displease me, could I enjoy myself in this strange mansion, but that the perplexities of my mind allow me not a moment's peace, and my heart is torn with pangs which I cannot describe.

LOVEGROVE, I find, is jealous even before marriage; and daily does the man, for whom I have ventured so much, grow less and less pleasing in my eyes. I see, not without disgust, his fiery temper, and even his violent love shocks me: nor this alone, even his endearments strike me with horror, and the thrillings of my bosom are far other than those of love and joy. In short, I am in perpetual terrors
when

when waking; nor do the silent hours of darkness bring me the wished repose.

LAST night, when wearied with watching and troublous thoughts, at last mine eyes were sealed in slumber: methought the form of my late mother stood before me, holding in her hand my brother, whose features I fully recollected in my sleep, though, waking, I am certain I could not. With a doleful voice she bid me "Beware of the impending danger," then threw her arms around me, and lifted me high into the air, when a sudden burst of thunder broke upon us, and she dropped me from her weak embrace. I then found myself in a gloomy desert, at the side of a large pit, towards which Lovegrove, who suddenly appeared, was perpetually employed in forcing my unwilling

ing steps;—and, at last, I found myself just on its horrid brink, when a winged spirit, whose countenance much resembled Barclay's, suddenly rescued me from the danger, and again bore me aloft, towards the now unclouded sky. At that instant I awaked. A cold sweat hung upon my brow, and the bed shook beneath me, with the violence of my tremblings.—These nocturnal phantoms, if they mean no more, are, at least, the proofs of a mind not at rest, the signs of a troubled and a wounded spirit.

I HAVE written to Sir Robert Trenchard, unknown to Lovegrove, but have received no answer; yet I am willing to flatter myself that he, perhaps, will pay me a still greater attention, and come in person to receive me into his protection.

MR.

MR. Lovegrove still amuses me with idle hopes of happiness; but I have now no ears for these. He lives in the village of ———, near a mile from this solitude, where I am, at best, but a prisoner at large. His visits, however, are constant, and I have seldom an hour to myself.—Even now I hear his steps upon the stairs. Adieu, Sophy, for the present: to-morrow I shall resume the pen, and conclude my unfinished letter.

November 9.

As my regard for Lovegrove declines, so does his blind inclination for me seem to increase. He has been here in a kind of phrenzy, exhibiting such marks of a violent and ill-governed passion, as I cannot

not but pity, whilst I blame it. At one time he declares my desires shall be the rule of his will; at another, he vows he will never part from me, though both our deaths should be the consequence of his refusal.—He kisses my hands one moment, with the most ardent tenderness; and the next, looking stedfastly in my face, wishes he had never beheld me. What can I think of such unaccountable behaviour, or how can it be supposed to recommend this man to me? Is it the effect of love and regard?—Love, surely, seeks not to make uneasy the object of its flame.—Does it arise from jealousy? Why then does he not communicate his suspicions to her whom they most concern, that he may be confirmed in them, or cured of them by her behaviour?

IN short, Miss Howard, his conduct is inexcusable, and long I must not remain under his protection. Is it not a lamentable consideration, for a woman to have no other dependence than what centers in such a man, and to lie at the mercy of one, whose extravagant temper renders him cruel even to himself.

IF, within a few days, I hear not from Sir Robert, I intend to put in execution a design which I have formed, of leaving this cloister; with which you, my Sophy, in due time, shall be made acquainted.—Heaven direct me for the best! At present I am very unhappy.—Again interrupted! Dear friend, you must again excuse me.

November

November 10.

I AM now informed that Sir Robert Trenchard is not willing to receive me. Lovegrove brought me the letter which contained this resolution, and methought he delivered it with an air of triumph. The baronet, contrary to my expectations, advises me to marry Lovegrove immediately, and then demand my fortune, which he says, notwithstanding all our suppositions to the contrary, his lawyer informs him I may recover. He adds, that, till all is over, he does not chuse to appear in this affair, but afterwards I may depend on his good offices as a guardian and a friend.

WHAT can this mean, Sophia, and why has Sir Robert altered his mind so strangely? Must I commence a law-suit against my mother? That must never be. And why will Sir Robert's protection be more improper for me now, than after I shall be married?—Alas! I am alike unhappy in every thing. The poor boy, on whose assistance I depended for the furtherance of the scheme I hinted, this very morning he was dismissed.—Lovegrove is more importunate than ever, and I more desponding:—I am without spirits and without hope.—

WHAT must I do, my Sophy? In what manner must I act? When I but think of this proposed marriage, I find a reluctance to it that is unconquerable; whether it arise from the alteration of his temper,

temper, or from some other cause, I know not: but I know that I am unhappy. Oppressed thus with doubts and fears, what can I do better than to commit myself to the disposal of providence in a dilemma like this, where human prudence must necessarily fail, and nothing less than an absolute foreknowledge of future events can be sufficient to guide me through the trackless maze!

THE chilly winter begins already to give tokens of its approach, and the fighting winds howling through the trees, already half stripped of their verdure, have already increased the melancholy aspect of this dwelling. No matter; it will suit with my disposition: for every joy to me were now but folly, and irksome impertinence. So much does all our taste of

pleasure depend upon the temper of our minds ; and mine is so out of tune, that it cannot perceive, at present, harmony in any thing. Alas ! how unlike former days, when we have strayed with pleasure through the flowery paths of life, nor knew a want or grief.

HAIL ! happy state of infancy, which glides on like the smooth stream, through rich enamelled meads, or delightful flowery gardens ! Ah ! never shall my maturer age again experience such joys as thine. I am young indeed, even now, in years, but old in sorrows ; and daily do they multiply upon me.

FORGIVE me, Sophy, that I thus trouble you with my complainings ; but my full heart must have vent : and to

whom but to my friend should I complain? Alas! I have none else that will hear me.—But I have done, and here I conclude my tedious letter, with assuring, that, amidst all her troubles, you are still as dear as ever to your

EMILY.

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LET-

LETTER LXXVIII.

FRANCIS LOVEGROVE, Esq. to Lady
CÆCILIA WALTHAM.

November 11.

AT last, with your ladyship's assistance, I think I shall be likely to bring this matter to bear, and to take a full revenge upon the scornful beauty.—Yet will I once more make her an offer of immediate marriage. This if she rejects, then will I obtain, by artifice or force, those beauties for which I so long have languished.—Yet sorry, indeed, should I be to use the latter; but, at all events, I will not become that most despicable of all characters, *a woman's fool*.

EMILY

EMILY grows every day more gloomy and dissatisfied, and my jealous fears are thereby every day confirmed. However, they have not been able to carry on any farther correspondence: for I have removed my mistress to that house which Lord B—— once gave me, and which I used to call *the House in the Wood*.—It is a pretty solitude, and serves, no doubt, to indulge her melancholy temper; but that evil I must bear with, since I intend it to answer a greater good, which is no less than the possession of my wishes.—Forgive me, however, if I am still irresolute in this matter, and behold with trembling those joys, which I so ardently burn to possess. These are the last efforts of a partial and romantic passion, which I vow to banish from my heart. To your ladyship and to my friend Sir Harry I owe

this resolve, which I am determined to maintain.

YESTERDAY I had a close conversation with my fair prisoner, and put her virtue to some trials, in which she stood her ground, and was equally proof against my arguments and my endearments. Had I not been confident she loved another, I might so far have praised her. As it was, I believe I angered her so much, that, in her heat of passion, she desired never to see me more. I left her in tears, which however, I own, in some measure affected me, as I purposed not to have gone so far. I will use every soothing art to gain her over.—Her heart is yet worth the purchase.—At this moment I hear her voice;—I will go to her again.—Again I will make her an offer of my person

person and fortune: if she continues to reject my pleasure, I am wholly thine, and Emily must yet shed many a tear.

November 12.

By heavens, Lady Cæcilia, she scorns, contemns me; she has told me so herself. "I tell thee, perfidious man," (said she in a solemn tone) "I despise thee, I scorn to engage in ties so sacred, with one who has so mean an opinion of virtue." Much more she said, all tending to prove her dislike of me; but this sentence rooted the deepest in my heart.

Yes, this haughty, this scornful beauty shall, with tears, ere long solicit as a blessing, what now she has so contemptuously

G 5

rejected:

rejected : on her knees shall she intreat (perhaps intreat in vain) to be made the wife of the man whom she has thus, in evil hour, affected to despise. I could not forbear, thus urged, to reproach her with carrying on a secret intrigue with Barclay, which she has the effrontery to deny, and tells me of sacred friendship, uncommon self-denial, and I know not what stuff. I should, indeed, deserve to be despised, as well as hated, if I were to credit such idle dreams.

BUT now, my dear Lady Cæcilia, what is to be done? No method but that of force, I fear, will ever put me in possession of my wishes;—there I stand;—there I demur.—You are yourself a woman; advise me therefore, and I will, in the best manner I am able, follow your counsel,

fel.—What if I throw myself (though boiling with anger) at her feet, and by feigned sighs and tears again recommend myself to her, that I may be the more likely to obtain her favours. Yet this I cannot think on. No—I must, I will, on my own terms, possess her.—But I pause till I hear from you or Sir H. Verney. In the mean while, Emily is no other than the prisoner of your ladyship's pupil,

LOVEGROVE.

G 6

LET-

LETTER LXXIX.

Miss EMILIA CRESWEL to Miss SOPHIA
HOWARD.

November 13.

I AM distracted, Sophy; Lovegrove has base designs upon my honour.—
Himself has told me so.—Judge with what reason I rejected them. He is jealous too of Mr. Barclay: at least he tells me that he is so.—Another night besides this I will not remain here, if it be possible for me to depart. Yet, alas! I fear I shall find myself a wretched captive to the basest of men.—Oh how my soul loaths the wretch that, under such specious shew of honour and virtue, has thus endeavoured to seduce me to my ruin.—But
gracious

gracious heaven will, I hope, defend me from his snares and wiles.

ALL now, however, is at an end. Adieu to happiness in this world.—Oh, Sophy! what a situation is mine, abandoned by my friends, and cruelly insulted by him for whom I have hazarded every thing. My dear Sophia, I have no other method left than to go in person to Sir Robert Trenchard, expose to him his nephew's baseness, and, in the most moving manner, implore his protection;—he cannot sure deny it to me! I tremble whilst I stay beneath this roof; the gloom of this solitude is double to me, and I have not one moment of peace.

I MUST this very night take the advantage of the darkness, and endeavour to
quit

quit this fatal mansion. I will direct my steps to the next village, and there repose myself till the dawn; from thence I will get some convenient carriage to convey me to ———, and throw myself at the feet of my guardian.—Adieu, my friend! If I succeed, you shall soon hear farther from me.—But, on second thoughts, I will leave this letter unfinished, and wait the event.

November 14.

ALL is ruined, Sophy! I am detected and undone; brought back again to the detested house. Heaven only knows what will become of me!—or when you will hear from me again.—It is true, I am once more fed with fair promises, yet
do

do I look on myself as in the very den of infamy.—The perturbation of my spirits prevents me from writing more. And it is now uncertain when you will receive what is already written by your distressed

EMILY.

LET.

LETTER LXXX.

Mr. HALLAM to Miss SOPHIA HOWARD.

November 19.

I NO sooner received your letter, madam, than I resolved to go to the house you mentioned, which is rightly named, for it stands in the midst of a deep wood. Here I enquired for the lady, but was absolutely denied admission, as they said Mr. Lovegrove never suffered any one but himself to see or converse with her;—she might well say she was a prisoner, indeed.

I THEN went to seek him in the neighbouring village of ———, where, after some difficulty, I found him. We had

a long conversation, not a very friendly one. At first he supposed I had come from some of the Creswel family, and began to talk of treaties with which I was little acquainted.—When he found his mistake, he apologized for it coldly, but was not a whit more free (rather more reserved) in his answers. He talked much, however, of his honour, and mentioned Mr. Barclay as a rival, with great seeming rancour. At length I plainly told him, I understood the lady was now a prisoner with him against her will, and that I was come to demand her release. At this he first changed colour, but presently gave me a very peremptory denial; declared it was false that she was detained against her consent, and swore no-body should persuade him to part with her. However, after much talking, he at last appointed

appointed me to call within two days, and I should see the lady, that I might be convinced of the truth of what he had said. And so I took leave of him. Never saw I in my life a more imperious man.—Indeed I should pity the woman who is to marry him.

WITHIN the time appointed assure yourself, madam, I shall call upon him, and insist on his keeping to his word; I am unhappy till I see you again, a circumstance which alone would be sufficient to hasten the execution of your commands, by your most affectionate

HALLAM.

LET-

LETTER LXXXI.

Miss SOPHIA HOWARD to Mr. HALLAM.

November 23.

I HAVE scarcely patience to write to you.—What a ridiculous piece of work have you made of it?—Within two days! Heavens! who knows what may happen within that time: and I besides have letters the most pressing from my dear Emily, who but escapes from one distress to fall into another.—Although you should have seen Lovegrove previous to the receipt of this letter, yet go to him again, and let nothing prevent you from seeing Miss Creswel. “He says “it is false—He is imperious.”—What signifies what He says, or how He behaves.

haves. I tell you HE is a villain, and wants to work upon your *fears*, as he has done upon my friend's *weakness*. But be not you so repulsed;—get admission to my friend, and bring her comfort, and let me not see you till it be done. To strengthen yourself against Lovegrove, you may call on Lord B——, who, as I understand, is now at his seat within a few miles of ——, though I believe that is more than Lovegrove knows. At all events be expeditious, for on a few hours you know not how much may depend.—If you find him obstinate, apply to the civil power, for proper authority to search his infamous house, and be not intimidated by his threats.—

I WISH I could come to —— myself; but my aunt being much indisposed,
detains

detains me here. Farewel — Execute
your business properly, as you value the
favour of

SOPHIA HOWARD.

LET-

LETTER LXXXII.

FRANCIS LOVEGROVE, Esq. to Sir
HARRY VERNEY.

November 18.

YOUR letter *, together with Emily's
behaviour, has confirmed my wa-
vering resolutions. Since last I wrote she
has attempted to escape; but I have found
her, and brought her back again. Con-
trary, however, to her expectations, I
have used every soothing method to en-
gage her affections, or at least to divert
her suspicions. To-morrow I shall try
the scheme you mentioned, and have al-
ready got the drug prepared, which I
shall infuse into her liquor. I have also
pre-

* Not inserted in this collection.

prepared one who is to personate Mr. Aldridge, her uncle by the mother's side, whom she has never seen; and this will greatly forward my design.—But here I must break off, as some stranger waits below:—on my life somebody on Emily's account. Adieu, dear baronet, for a moment, till I dispatch him, and then I will return to you.

I COULD not find time to finish till now.—Who should it be that wanted me but Hallam.—He came from your admired Sophy, to rebuke me on Emily's account;—at last he began to be very peremptory, and said she was detained against her will, and he must and would see her.
 “ Then I tell you, Sir, it is false that she
 “ is

“ is so detained ; she has her liberty ; but
 “ pray what right have you to question
 “ me : I say, however, that you *must*
 “ *not*, and *shall not* see her. She is not
 “ to be spoken with at present.—So you
 “ have your answer.”—At this he was
 somewhat startled, and began to draw
 back. We had, however, much conver-
 sation after this, in which he spoke much
 more mildly than before : and, at last, I
 sent him away with a promise of gratifying
 his request within two days ; and with
 this he was obliged to be satisfied.—I see
 she does not want for the arts of her sex,
 and soon shall I give her a specimen of
 the arts of mine.—This very day I am
 preparing for it.—The counterfeit Mr.
 Aldridge I expect here within a few hours,
 and, when he comes, I shall contrive to
 make my fair-one drink the potion pre-
 scribed

scribed ; for she cannot refuse to take a glass of wine with her uncle.—A-propos ! he is here, and I must give him his proper instructions.

A well-concerted scheme to quiet her fears, and a very proper person to help in the execution of it. I assure you, Sir Harry, he looks like a person of some consequence. Who would think that dress could make so much alteration in a man ? Who would imagine that the greatest business depends so much on external shew ? In a word, who would think that it was Jack Seybin who represented Mr. Aldridge ?

I ASSURE you Jack has every requisite for the purpose; his old-fashioned face, by the help of a great wig, suits well to his character: but his chief excellence is his great gravity; and there is little danger of his failing to impose upon Emily.

Now Venus be propitious! This once assist me, and I will raise altars to thee for thy goodness!—Already do I enjoy the transport which this night will give me, if no envious dæmon interpose between me and my felicity!—And then—she must sue to me; she who rejected my proffered hand, with sighs will implore me to become her lord: thus shall I gratify two passions at once, my vanity and my love. And mine she must be, whether by marriage or mutual contract: for will Barclay take her after such connections?

tions? Certainly he will not.—And if I consent to be linked in the marriage chain, what an act of generosity must it be esteemed by her and her friends! “What an act of *folly*?” methinks I hear you say. Well, we will not dispute upon that matter now. When this business, on which my whole soul is set, is finished, it will then be time enough to discourse upon these matters.—The interval is indeed a painful one.

November 19.

MR. Aldridge came not to his appointment; but Hallam was true to his.—I was not to be found, as you may well imagine: but next Tuesday is the day for which my impatience, on many

counts, must be contented to wait.—
Curse on these delays. Every hour I stay
is so much time deducted from my hap-
piness; and I am in perpetual fears of
some disappointment.

I HAVE seen Hallam again, and pro-
cured a note from Emily, as if written
to her uncle (of whose coming she is ap-
prized) which, with some little altera-
tions, have served my purpose of delay-
ing him till Thursday, that all may be
over when he comes. The note runs
thus :

“ Honoured Sir,

“ I should be glad to see you on Wed-
nesday or Thursday, if it be convenient,

“ as

“ as proposed ; when Mr. Lovegrove
 “ will introduce you to

EMILY CRESWEL.”

THIS stratagem of her ladyship's is a noble one ; and, with a little dissimulation, has served very well to keep her quiet : for she can never imagine that, if I had any ill design, I would introduce to her a relation of her own ; yet I perceive she is still cautious in her conduct, and it is not willingly that she remains with me, though I made bold to tell her champion so (of whom, by the bye, I have not said a word to her) nor does she appear to know any thing of the matter.

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I CAN no longer delay closing this
pacquet ; so my dear Sir Harry adieu !
Expect to receive a triumphant epistle on
Wednesday, from your friend

LOVEGROVE.

L E T.

LETTER LXXXIII.

DOCTOR HARLEY TO CHARLES BAR-
CLAY, Esq.

November 25.

IT gives me joy, my honoured friend,
that our arguments have at last pre-
vailed upon your father to return to Eng-
land. I assure you, when his name was
mentioned, pleasure glowed in the face of
the courtiers assembled in the drawing-
room, a few malevolent people only ex-
cepted, whose frowns would be as wel-
come to him as their smiles.—The pro-
per solicitations are already making for
his pardon. Your presence, however,
may be useful to expedite the business;
so the sooner you arrive in London the
H 4 better.

better.—I am heartily glad to find you so well recovered of your indisposition, and I hope the news I send you of Miss Creswel's being removed, by Mr. Lovegrove, to an ancient cloistered seat, which he calls the House in the Wood, will by no means contribute to increase it.

It is not impossible but your passion may still be crowned with success, since, if the reports I hear be true, that lady's affections begin to be greatly alienated from your rival. After all the pains he has taken to win her, perhaps it may still remain a question, whether he has deserved her. However that may be, a patient resignation in these matters is most advisable.

Poor Miss Willis has written another letter of complaints to me. I have often wondered

wondered your tenderness of heart had not led you to requite her passion; although I must own, at the same time, that your's is fixed on a more exalted object.—

I WAIT with impatience for your father's return, and long to see my worthy honoured friend, who has so long and so unhappily been absent, to your grief and concern, and that of your devoted

HARLEY.

H 5

LET-

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

Lady CÆCILIA WALTHAM to Miss A.
WILLIS.

November 16.

I WONDER, Miss Arabella, that you ever entertained the least doubt of Mr. Barclay's being far gone in a passion for Miss Creswel. It has cost him much pain; but he is now resolved to try every art to supplant his rival. Letters and messages, nay, even personal correspondence is kept up between them, under the specious notion of his reconciling the outcast to her friends. It is time Lovegrove, long blind to her perfidy, should at length open his eyes, and be convinced of the error of his partial credulity. His

Emily

Emily has, indeed, been set up as a pattern for her sex ; but all have their faults : and, to speak plainly Miss Willis, she who consented to elope from her friends with Mr. Lovegrove, may perhaps, in time, consent also to elope from him with Mr. Barclay. It is, at least, a thing not impossible with one of her amorous constitution.

INDEED, my dear, I fear you have mistaken me very much ; and, where I meant only a little innocent raillery, construed my trifling manner to ill-nature. Upon my life I pity you, and would do any thing to help you, as I find the affair between you and Mr. Barclay is serious. I assure you I am even now labouring in your behalf, for I am endeavouring to promote, as much as in my power, the

union of Miss Creswel with her deserving lover, which must naturally cut off the hopes of your fugitive, and, in all probability, return him to your arms. Meanwhile, Miss Willis, it were not improper to give him to understand how dangerous a rival he has, who, under the mask of friendship, may contrive to ruin his peace. This task properly belongs to you, my dear, as such an accusation from you, the injured party, will certainly come with more weight and propriety than from me, or any other person.

IF ever a reconciliation be brought about with Miss Creswel's friends, you may depend that your quondam lover will be included in the treaty: for whose advantage, think you, that he is seeking in all this matter, but his own?—If you
write

write to Mr. Lovegrove in a proper manner, therefore, you may depend that it will have the desired effect, of putting him on his guard against his rival. I will not fail to labour, on my part, to frustrate the renegade's aims; and Barclay, tired at last with unsuccessful attacks, will retreat, as others have done in like cases, and leave the field to his adversaries.

FAREWEL, my dear Arabella; you may depend I will communicate to you, from time to time, what happens within my knowledge relative to this affair, and give you every other assistance possible. I am, my dear, your most sincere friend,

CÆCILIA WALTHAM.

LETTER LXXXV.

Mr. GERRARD to Lady CÆCILIA
WALTHAM.

November 17.

I AM heartily glad the intelligence I gave your ladyship is likely to prove useful: I was obliged to Jernegan's drunkenness for it. It is a secret which, I dare say, he would not be fond of communicating when sober.

I FIND he receives a great deal of money, at times, from the Creswel family; but it is far from being of any service to him, and only renders him idle, and fond of dissipation.

THE

THE exploit of conveying away the infant son was, indeed, as great a masterpiece as I remember to have heard of.—The child's passing for his own was admirably well concerted; and how extraordinary was the consequence. If the brother of Lord B—— had not died at the very juncture when the merchant did; if his lordship had not chanced to fix his eyes and affections, as it were by miracle, upon him, he had remained in servitude till this moment. The youth's own ignorance of this matter (if indeed he be unacquainted with it) and the partial knowledge of his foster-father, are as strange as any parts of this remarkable story.—The whole, however, is likely to furnish your ladyship with a notable piece of revenge upon the Creswel family, which the delicacy of the daughter will
cause

cause to fall more heavy upon her than upon any of the rest; and this, as I take it, madam, is what your ladyship chiefly aims at.

I HAVE observed that Jernegan has, since this piece of imprudence, appeared extremely timorous; there is a kind of weakness joined with all the artfulness of that fellow's temper, which, perhaps, it is not easy to account for: but if he had really murdered any one, he could not be more timid than he is.

YOUR ladyship need not doubt of my keeping this affair an inviolable secret, on my part, since the favours I have received at your hands might be alone sufficient to engage me to do so. I shall observe Jernegan's motions, and give you a particular

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lar account of his conduct by letter. I
am, with the greatest respect, madam,
your ladyship's most faithful servant,

J. GERRARD.

LET-

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LETTER LXXXVI.

Miss SOPHIA HOWARD to Mr. CLEVELAND.

November 21.

THIS is, indeed, beyond expression amazing that you tell me of.—I tremble for the fate of the poor unhappy Emilia; perhaps even now she groans beneath a load of involuntary guilt, violated by the impetuous rash libertine her own brother. Heaven forbid it should be so! This very instant have I sent to prevent these fatal consequences. May they exist only in my fears!

GRACIOUS providence! how intricate, how unsearchable are thy ways! When we seek to scan them, we are confounded

as

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as in a labyrinth ; when we behold them, we are absorbed in wonder and amazement !

I AM infinitely bound to you, Sir, for communicating to me this affair, which so nearly concerns me, as it touches the welfare of a friend, who is as dear to me as my own life ; and that obligation shall never be forgotten by

SOPHIA HOWARD.

LET.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

Sir WILLIAM MAINE to the Lord Viscount
B——.

November 22.

WHAT strange events, my lord,
are these?—How happy that the
indissoluble knot was not tied! How un-
happy must the young couple have been,
if this had happened! But heaven, which
is ever careful of the good, would not
permit it.—Yet they will, doubtless, feel
a pang at parting, which will not be easily
forgotten.

How vile a woman was Mrs. Creswel,
who could thus treat her husband's off-
spring, committed to her care an help-
less

less infant.—And would any one have thought so much art had lurked under so simple an appearance as that of Jernegan? —When Lovegrove loses a mistress, and finds a sister, his violent temper will, doubtless, pour forth many bitter exclamations. As to the poor Emilia, she has been accustomed to vexations, and probably will, with a greater degree of resignation, receive the news of this unexpected reverse.—It were well, however, that they were acquainted with it as soon as possible, lest they should take any rash resolution, which might entail inevitable ruin upon them.—For my part, I think this is such a miracle, as puts common wonders out of countenance, and such an one as within these seventy years I have not seen, and, were I to double my date, it is likely I might never see again. The
trouble

trouble I have taken in finding out the matter, your lordship and all concerned are very welcome to, from

W. MAINE.

LET.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

Lord B—— to FRANCIS LOVEGROVE, Esq.

November 23.

THE secret, Mr. Lovegrove, which I promised to communicate to you, together with another at that time unknown to myself, I take this method of acquainting you with timely, lest you should form such resolutions as might hereafter prove prejudicial to your peace.

FIRST, then, as I once told you you were not the heir to the estates and honours of the B—— family, so I must now inform you that you are neither my nephew, nor any way related to me or my late brother; but of a family with
which,

which, before your time, ours never had any connexions.

SECONDLY, I must discover to you a secret, which, till within these two days, I was not myself acquainted with ; which is, that you are son to Mrs. Creswel, and, consequently, brother to the very lady whom you court for a wife.—This, I know, will prove a great shock to you ; but I exhort you to bear as a man.—Remember, fortitude is more noble than courage, and that it is vain to murmur at our destiny.—I pity you indeed, my foster-son, I condole with you on this misfortune : but, since you have lost a mistress, you must be contented to have found a sister, and be grateful to heaven that the discovery has not come too late. [The manner of it is set down in an inclosed

closed paper, which you may read at your leisure.] Meanwhile, consider me still as much your friend as if I were your kinsman: I knew all along that you were no relation of mine; and the discovery of your real birth and parentage, can by no means tend to alienate my regards from you. In me you shall ever meet with a protector and a patron, and have no occasion to sue submissively to your cruel step-mother.

DEAR Frank, make not yourself uneasy at these extraordinary events; but console yourself with the prospect of many happy days to come, and be assured that you shall ever be remembered with real esteem, by our affectionate friend

B——.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Sir JAMES BARCLAY to CHARLES
BARCLAY, Esq.

November 24.

YES, my dear son, you have still a chance for happiness; and the young man is saved from a crime which, no doubt, he would shudder at the thought of. As to Miss Creswel, if she be what you represent her, her pangs in such a case would have been still more acute, her feelings would have made her still more unhappy.—Well did I remember the whole of the vile business, and the disposal of the boy sent abroad by his step-mother, to one who died in Italy: I remembered, likewise, Lord B——'s taking him over

to England, and, since my discovering myself, informed Mr. Cleveland, whose curiosity I could by no means account for, of the whole matter.—A comparison of circumstances produced the proof of what now you are acquainted with; and Jernegan, being taken before Sir William Maine, I find has confirmed the truth of the matter.—

DEAR Charles, I have now contributed all in my power to your happiness. Your care for mine has long been known; and yielding to your solicitations, and those of your good tutor, I am resolved to set out for my native country, as soon as my pardon can be procured, and matters settled for my accommodation.—

IT is never too late to learn ;—I have seen my error, and am not ashamed to own it. I will return, in every sense, to my country, and to her interests ; all party animosities with me shall be buried for ever, and I will approve myself, in future, a quiet subject to the government under which I am to live ; as being convinced that peace exceeds every other blessing, and that a tranquil settlement is the greatest glory of a state.—

WITH impatience I wait to embrace you, my son, and to mingle in the social assemblies of my friends.—Think you that I was divested of these desires, when I so long withstood your entreaties ? No ! they were struggling with a conscious shame, and that spirit for which your father has ever been remarkable, and which
has

has generally made him unhappy. May the example serve as a warning to you, my son, and as a pattern for your conduct! May you avoid the errors of your parent, and, by an happy prudence, profit by his faults!

M. de Laniere, who is the bearer of this letter, will attend till you have set all things on a proper footing for my reception in England. If success crowns your endeavours, the exile will but wait his return, to revisit his native shores.

ADIEU! my dear son:—shake off the gloom which has so long hung upon your spirits; hope every thing; and be assured that, to gratify your warmest wishes, no endeavours shall be wanting in your affectionate parent,

J. BARCLAY.

LETTER XC.

CHARLES BARCLAY, Esq. to Sir JAMES
BARCLAY.

December 4.

MY honoured parent, I have received your letter with inexpressible joy, and have the comfort to acquaint you that your pardon is obtained, and that you are waited for with impatience in England.

NEVER was man so welcome to me as M. Lanier, who brought me the happy news, and confirmed my hopes of once more beholding my father; the tidings of whose intended return, have painted the countenances of all the friends of our family with joy.

YOUR

YOUR information, Sir, regarding Mr. Lovegrove, is astonishing; yet I can hope little, as I think, from its effects: for this disappointment of Miss Creswel's hopes will, I fear, occasion such a disposition of mind in her, as may prompt her to be very backward in listening to love proposals in future, from any one; besides, the shock will be so great, as it will naturally take her some time to recover herself from, and decorum would forbid my making early proposals to her. But in all that relates to this matter, by you, Sir, must I be ruled.—I shall, however, make it my immediate business to send them word, by letter, of this extraordinary matter, though it is likely it may be known already; yet in so nice a point, the young couple being on the very brink of marriage, delays are certainly dangerous,

rous, and a trifling mistake of a moment, may occasion whole years of wretchedness.

YOUR observations, your counsels, your commands, I shall ever most carefully attend to, and place my highest satisfaction in pleasing you: this is but a duty which I owe to you, as an equally beloved and honoured parent.—Yes I will (thus happy in my first desire, so long wished for, so long besought of heaven in vain) chase every sad thought from my breast, and at once dispel the gloom from my brow. I will be thankful to providence for the blessings of the present hour, and hope the continuance of them in succeeding times.

My

My father and my friend, with a heart full of the warmest affection, I intreat you to hasten your journey hither; I conjure you not to delay a moment longer than is absolutely necessary, the mutual pleasures of this much-desired meeting. It is now eighteen years since I have dared to own a father: it shall be my joy that I have found one, as long as the Great Disposer of all things shall think fit to spare his life:—I wish not for myself a longer date. May one self-same hour remove us from this sublunary world, or let me first tempt the dark narrow way, nor bedew with filial tears the relics of my much-loved father.

PARDON, dear Sir, these wild exclamations; but a breast so feeling as mine,

I 5. is

is now the seat of a pleasing kind of tumult, an anxious joy, yet imperfect, because tinged with expectation.

EVEN from that day (it is now seven years since) when last I saw you *, from that hour have my thoughts perpetually dwelt on you. Not pleasure, business, no nor LOVE itself, has ever been able to divert them from you;—and ever since have I been unhappy. But now my pledge and happy omen of future felicity, I shall take from your arrival in England; from that blessed hour I shall date all my joys, for joys will certainly succeed. Come then, my father, hasten
to

* Dr. Harley took Mr. Barclay over to France, at the age of eleven, where he saw and remained four months with him.

to the embraces of your country, to your friends, and, above all, to those of your ever-dutiful

December 2.

G. BARCLAY.

H Zophy, On my friend, where
 (Gall I find words to express my
 joy and wonder, terror and amazement;
 I am, in one look, deeply, deeply
 happy: yet I shudder, as one escaped the
 brink of a dreadful precipice, as the dan-
 ger I have passed.
 I was just at the point (but this you
 know it all) of taking a prey to the fi-
 re (I do not (O I must to write!)
 of my own abandoned brother. Yes,
 Zophy, the terrible vision was pre-
 sented.

LETTER XCI.

Miss EMILIA CRESWEL to Miss SOPHIA
HOWARD.

December 5.

OH Sophy, Oh my friend, where shall I find words to express my joy and wonder, terror and amazement: I am, in one sense, happy, supremely happy; yet shudder, as one escaped the brink of a dreadful precipice, at the danger I have passed.

I WAS just on the point (but sure you know it all) of falling a prey to the libidinous desires (Oh shame to virtue!) of my own abandoned brother. Yes, Sophy, the trembling victim was prepared,

pared, led, as it were, to the very altar of sacrifice, when heaven interposed, and sent your Hallam to my relief.—I know your commands urged him on; the generous man told me that they did: and, whilst I pay my thanks to you, I cannot but honour him for his ingenuoufness.

AFTER my being detected by the noise I had made, in shutting the door after me, when brought back, Lovegrove (I cannot call him brother) treated me with the most soothing tenderness, and appeared highly concerned for the insults offered to virtue in his late discourses. He introduced to me, after much talking of him, a man, whom he passed upon me for Mr. Aldridge, my mother's brother, and not having seen the person, I could not discover the fraud. This instrument of
his

his held me in long conversation, and even sometimes affected to be angry with his employer, against whom he raised weak objections, merely that the other might obviate them.

I WAS induced to drink a glass or two of wine with this supposed relation, who departed tolerably well satisfied. When he was gone I found my head grow dizzy, and being inclined to sleep, though it was early in the evening, desired to be shewed to my chamber; but this Mr. Lovegrove delayed as much as possible, alledging that he had some things of consequence to communicate to me, which, he said, it imported me to hear. He then found means to entertain me with many strictures on the old subject, till I was so far overpowered, that I was ready
to

to fall asleep in my chair. I then roused myself, and, with much difficulty, kept my eyes open to walk up stairs. Meanwhile, a strange fever possessed my blood, and my cheeks glowed with an unusual ardour. Being entered my chamber, I found that he had followed me close, and, before I was aware, he entered it with me, and caught me in his arms. I made an effort to scream out, but my voice was drowned in strange murmurings. A faint languor alternately succeeding to an unaccustomed heat, made my pulse now beat quick and high, with swift palpitations, and now the languid blood scarce crept through my veins. Confounded, astonished, affrighted, I gazed wildly on the libertine's face, whose eyes shot unhallowed fires; yet he trembled as one affrighted, and his teeth chattered in his head.

head. At that instant a loud peal of thunder burst from the heavens, and a flash of livid lightning shot across the chamber. A moment he quitted me;—I sunk fainting on the bed, and, recovering, found myself again incircled in his arms.—But then, just then, a loud knock was heard at the door. His boy let in the strangers; when, gathering all my strength, I shrieked as loud as my exhausted spirits would permit me.—In a few minutes Mr. Hallam and Mr. Cleveland broke open the chamber-door, and entering, saved me from ruin.—They came between us; Lovegrove drew his sword; when Mr. Cleveland thus solemnly addressed him:—“Rash, impetuous youth, we do not fear thy menaces; this arm can wield a weapon as well as thine; but treat us not as enemies;

“enemies;

“ enemies ;—we are your best friends.
 “ Read the letters that gentleman is
 “ charged with, and tremble at thy-
 “ self.”

HE ended his discourse, and Mr. Hallam (without speaking a word, put into his left-hand, for his right held his unsheathed weapon) the letters of Lord B——. As he read he turned pale, the sword fell from his hand, and exclaiming, Sister ! he sunk down lifeless upon the floor. “ Ah, said I, what new misfortune, what dreadful business is this ?” While Cleveland raised him, Mr. Hallam approaching me, cried, “ This gentleman is your brother.” It was difficult, at first, to tell whether my new-found relation or myself was most affected. But guilt, indeed, conscious guilt,

guilt, made his confusion more deep and lasting.—He remained in the house with Mr. Cleveland, and I was removed to Lord B——'s, from whence I write this.

Thus has heaven been pleased to deliver me from guilt, shame, and misery; but I mourn for my criminal, my unhappy brother. Alas! that I should find him thus; thus at a time, when even the kind endearment of a sister's embrace were shocking. This, indeed, is a sad consideration. My innocence alone supports me; and this no misfortune nor afflictions can take away from me.

I must confess I am a little uneasy to think of my mother's baseness, now so plainly proved, and the ill consequences which

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which might have ensued from her unnatural cruelty, and my blameable weakness.

IF you, my friend, are but half so weary of reading the story of these unaccountable adventures of a few hours, as I have been with passing through them, you will think it high time to conclude this letter, which I shall hasten to do, with assuring you how much I am my Sophy's most sincere friend,

EMILIA CRESWEL:

L E T.

LETTER XCII.

Miss SOPHIA HOWARD to Miss
EMILIA CRESWEL.

December 10.

HOW I joy, my ever-dear Emily,
to find you escaped from that
worst of evils which threatened you.—
Heaven, sure, has been peculiarly care-
ful of my friend, and preserved her from
ruin, by means little less than miraculous.
But for your unhappy, I wish I could not
say your guilty brother, bad as he is, I
compassionate his miserable plight. Un-
blest indeed, supremely unblest is
that man, who in the midst of misfor-
tunes, has the mortification of his own
heart's continually accusing him : but
for

for you, my dear Emily, this stroke can never be fatal to your peace. Your affections were already more than half weaned from the deceiver; and the conscious uprightness of your pure heart may be to you a perpetual source of comfort. Many chearful days await you yet, in the bloom of life, and many pleasures yet shall court your enjoyment.

AND here may I not ask, whether the late forlorn, the generous, the disinterested Barclay, may not now have some chance to hope for your favour. Never before was I an advocate for him; but I begin now to think, that heaven has pointed him out to make you happy: nor can it be possible that envy or malice itself should condemn your a choice.

Enough

Enough has been given to honour and to delicacy; receive now a worthy lover to your arms, and consult, at last, your own felicity.—Your guardian, Sir Robert, cannot, after what has happened, your mother dares not, sure, dispute your pleasure.—That you can love him, I take for granted; that you have not already a secret regard for him, is more than I would venture to assert: however that be, my friend cannot blame me for my advice (though I once counselled her to wed the unhappy subject of her sorrows;)—now I advise the only thing which is likely to heal them: and sure some comfort, some consolation is at this time necessary. Where then can it be better sought, than in the arms of a faithful and tender consort? And such

an one the person in question would most undoubtedly prove.

I AM extremely glad, my Emily, that Mr. Hallam and myself have had any share in the delivering you from this deepest distress. The man, I find, has been just, and not arrogated to himself too much: perhaps it may prove of service to him to behave so.—Seriously, had it not fallen out that I counselled him to go to Lord. B——’s, where he got that important letter, it is probable that all would have been confusion. But enough of this melancholy subject; the storm blown over, let us be gay again. And whom do you think, Emily, I have gotten for a sweetheart of late? Sir Harry Verney, as I live, that strange collection of vanity and mischief; and
Lady

Lady Cæcilia has recommended him.—
 Now shall I, if the man be fool enough
 to be serious, use him like a dog: for I
 believe both he and her sweet-tempered
 ladyship, who hold you in light esteem,
 have been guilty of tampering with Mr.
 Lovegrove (pish, Creswel I mean) and
 urging him to extremities in your re-
 gard.—But I must contrive to make
 Hallam jealous through his means; for
 jealousy, they say, is a proof of love:
 now I should like mightily to be fully
 convinced of his extraordinary love,
 that he looks so grave about.—He is, I
 am well assured, a libertine in principle
 and in practice; but if he comes to me to
 try experiments, it is likely he will only
 get his labour for his pains.

But

BUT pray what have you done with my old-fashioned lover? I begin to be a little jealous myself; but you must not retort my own arguments upon me. Pray send him down; tell him his sovereign lady and mistress requires his presence, and I know the man will obey; for he, like the rest of the world, doubtless cringes at one time, merely that he may have it in his power to domineer at another. If ever he should be my sovereign lord and master, I suppose he will pay me off all my score, with interest. But my paper reminds me that it is time to subscribe myself your sincere and constant

SOPHIA HOWARD.

L E T T E R XCIII.

Lord B—— to Sir WILLIAM MAINE.

December 25.

THIS HAPPY DISCOVERY has been likely to cost poor Miss Creswel too dearly. Her delicate texture has suffered much by the shock; and she is scarcely yet recovered from an indisposition, which was the consequence of it. Her unhappy brother, though of a vigorous and healthy constitution, is seized with a melancholy, which, perhaps, may prove more fatal to him, and has twice attempted his own life. My cares, and those of the worthy Mr. Cleveland, have been divided between them. I shall soon see the lady, doubtless, rise superior to the troubles

and perplexities in which she has been involved; but for my supposed kinsman, whom I loved almost with a parent's affection, I tremble for his safety.—That wicked wretch, Lady Cæcilia Waltham (could one believe it?) was well acquainted with the whole of this story long before we knew it, and urged the unhappy youth to the violation of his sister: she hated the Creswel family, and besides, being the next heir at law, cared little how soon she ruined those who were to enjoy an estate, which she wished the possession of. Sir Harry Verney too was concerned in the vile business; but how far he was in the secret, I cannot so easily learn.—Mr. Lovegrove (now Creswel) cannot, however, bear to hear him named.—His cruel mother has withdrawn herself from the family-seat, and

is gone to reside somewhere about Cornwall, not being able to bear the bitter upbraidings of her neighbours. It was, indeed, time that she should remove; for she could not stir out in her chariot without being hooted by the people, and followed with maledictions wherever she went. Her kinsman is withdrawn with her; and Miss Emily, now nearly of age, is advised to take possession of Creswel-place, whither she has consented to go within a few days.

MEANWHILE I have written to Mr. Barclay, who, I know, regards my fair charge with the eyes of a lover, to visit her there, and urge his suit; to which, as I should think, there can be now no obstacle. Perhaps I should not chuse to be so busy about these affairs, but that

Mrs.

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Mrs. Creswel having resigned her share in the ill-managed guardianship of her daughter, I have been chosen by the lady in her room: a few months, however, will annul the office, and mature the fair flower which Sir Robert and myself watch so tenderly. If you have a curiosity to see this ornament of her sex, let us have your company here within a day or two, and you shall be received with a hearty welcome by your sincere friend

B——,

K 3

[AFTER

[AFTER a chasm of a month in the history, we find the following lines from the unhappy brother of Emily to his false friend.]

L E T T E R XCIV.

Mr. CRESWEL to Sir HARRY VERNEY.

January.

I AM too fully convinced of your baseness, to seek a farther proof than my own eyes and ears have already given me of it. To you my unhappy sister and myself were likely to owe our ruin: I hate your base principles, which now appear in their true light;—I despise your person; and I must take the liberty to inform you, That, if you do
not

not recant immediately (under your hand) the falsties * you have broached to the injury of my sister's character, I shall resent it in a proper manner; and, in such a case, you may deem this letter as a challenge sent you by the injured

CRESWEL.

* **THIS** *good* gentleman had asserted, several times in public, that Emily was actually debauched by her brother.

K 4

L E T

LETTER XCV.

Mr. CLEVELAND to the Lord B——.

January 17.

I AM sorry to inform your lordship, that you are not likely ever to behold him whom you called kinsman again. Two days since he fought a duel with Sir Harry Verney, whom he has mortally wounded, and is retired to France, after having left a letter addressed to me, in which he desires me to acquaint you, that he never will return again to his native country, but spend his days in a solitude on the continent. This is all the effect, undoubtedly, of that gloom which has so long hung upon his spirits; though, undoubtedly, the wicked baronet deserved his fate, having

having aspersed the spotless character of the blameless Miss Creswel: he has, besides, owned in his illness a base design, which was, as yet, in its embryo, upon the chastity of Miss Howard; which, however, it is most probable he would never have brought to bear.

I CONDOLE most sincerely with the young lady, on the loss of this her too-late found relation, and the heir to the estate and fortunes of the family, and wish her the enjoyment of that peace to which she has too long been a stranger. She has certainly shewn great prudence in chusing your lordship for a guardian, whose tender care will more than requite to her the loss of an unworthy parent.

I would to heaven she were even now married to the worthy Barclay, who is at present with me, and desires to be respectfully remembered to your lordship, whose welfare is ever highly regarded by

CLEVELAND.

LET.

L E T T E R XCVI.

CHARLES BARCLAY, Esq. to Miss EMILIA
CRESWEL.

January 13.

I REJOICE, madam, that I am thus
once more permitted to address myself
to you, whilst I sorrow for the occasion.—
May I hope that I shall not now offend,
in mentioning that passion, which no cir-
cumstances have been able to alter, no
length of time to efface. I know, ma-
dam, you will be just, and I know you
will own that I was willing to suppress it,
when it was likely to prove injurious to
your peace. *Then* I dropped my solici-
tations by your commands, and I shall
only renew them *now* by your permission.

—If you forbid me not, I shall wait on you to plead my own cause, and to intreat, personally, that kind indulgence, in the hope of which alone I live. I will not, therefore, tire you at present with tedious repetitions, of what you are but too well acquainted : I will only ask, that you would once more condescend to see as an acquaintance, one who dares not take the liberty of subscribing himself your lover.

BARCLAY.

L. E. T.

LETTER XCVII.

Miss EMILIA CRESWEL to CHARLES
BARCLAY, Esq.

February 1.

I AM indeed obliged to you, Sir;
for the favourable sentiments you
still retain for me, and, as I am com-
manded by my guardians, I think it my
duty to receive your visits. As a friend,
I have ever esteemed you; but you would
honour me too highly in naming yourself
my lover.

ONE thing I would mention to Mr.
Barclay, previous to our meeting, lest
any seemingly remiss behaviour of mine
might offend him, which is, that, at a
time

time like this, the many recent wounds which my peace has received, have rendered my breast a seat unfit for the more gentle and social passions; and for this reason it will be long, very long, before any thoughts of love can be entertained by

EMILIA CRESWEL.

LET-

LETTER XCVIII.

MISS EMILIA CRESWEL to Miss SOPHIA
HOWARD.

February 2.

ALAS! my friend, the unhappy youth is dead. A fever, occasioned by his hurry, and a slight wound that he had received in the combat, and neglected. He was buried in the garden of a monastery, by a poor order of monks, who had, by his desire, relieved and attended him in his sickness. So ended the fierce-spirited, the once-gallant Lovegrove; and so died the sorrowful, the unhappy, penitent Creswel. Ah! Sophy, will there never be an end of griefs? Am I condemned ever to be a mourner?—
And

And yet, even now, am I solicited to love, to wedlock, to nuptial joys. Heaven knows how unfit my temper of mind is for the entertaining these generally-agreeable objects: yet Barclay, I must confess, has merit that might win the heart of any woman; I must own, likewise, he has found out the method of making himself agreeable to me, for he sympathizes with me in my sorrows, and treats me with a respectful tenderness, which a woman cannot but approve; yet I cannot now think of rewarding his passion. What time and his assiduities may effect, I know not: at present, my heart is so taken up with mournful imaginations, that it even sickens at the sound of joy. Adieu! my Sophy; I am glad to hear you are going to change your situation;

tion; your happy union with your deserving lover, will give a sensible satisfaction to your

EMILY.

LET.

LETTER XCIX.

Doctor HARLEY to Mr. CLEVELAND.

March 1.

YES, my dear son, I rejoice to add to my family so worthy a young man, who has stood so long the assay, and whose character has, at the last, proved pure and blameless. Forgive my unworthy suspicions, which, for what reason I know not, were first awakened by those anonymous papers which I have delivered into your hands; whose unworthy author had to this moment been undiscovered *, if dying he had not owned the

* SIR H. Verney, who once, with a base design, addressed this young lady. Repulsed, he
revenged

the unprofitable villainy, when in the sharpest agonies his unprepared soul was struggling for a few wretched moments longer to be united to his body.

[BUT no more of him.—May heaven shower down on you, my children, the choicest of its blessings! May you be ever the mutual delight of each other, and sometimes the chearful comforters of the drooping age of

HARLEY.

revenged himself by writing those papers, which gave Mr. Cleveland a bad character, and intimated that his intentions were dishonourable. By this letter it appears that the baronet was, by this time, dead of his wounds.

[HERE

[HERE the series of letters is again interrupted for some months; during which time the Lady Cæcilia died, and Miss Sophia was wedded to her lover, Mr. Hallam: after which we find the four following, which conclude the history.]

LETTER C.

Mrs. HALLAM to Miss EMILIA CRESWEL,

August 4.

HOW ready my fair friend is to congratulate me on entering into the marriage-state, which she will not countenance by her own example.—Positively, Emily, this is not fair.—But you say you shall *soon*, you *fear*, be prevailed on to make one of us.—Now, in the name of goodness, what do you fear?
Believe

Believe me, I have tried it, and find nothing in it to be so much afraid of.—My good man and I keep each other in excellent order and fine tune, as Lady Trifle calls it, from morning till night. Only sometimes the wretch will be too fond.—That however, you will say, is a good fault in a husband; but even too much honey will cloy, and, positively, I have often a good mind to endeavour at mixing a little gall with it, to make perfect matrimony of it.

SINCERELY, my dear, I am more happy than ever I was in my life, and am fully persuaded you would experience the same felicity, were you entered into the same agreeable state: which, that you may really very soon do, is the earnest wish of your

SOPHIA HALLAM.

L E T-

LETTER CI.

Mr. GOODWIN to Dr. HARLEY.

August 20.

LADY Cæcilia is dead; she expired in a fever, attended, at intervals, with a strong delirium, and experienced the most agonizing pangs it is possible for the heart to conceive: she repented, however, of her crimes, and sent for Mr. Barclay, and the injured beauty, to ask forgiveness of them; which was granted in a manner so tender and humane, as was beyond description charming. Nor when she was departed, did these amiable people make any bitter reflections upon her conduct, but seemed willing to bury with her the memory

memory of her crimes, and even shed tears over their deceased enemy.

THE amiable couple are at last united. Yesterday their hands were joined in Lord B——'s chapel. The happy Barclay led to the altar his blushing beautiful Emily, with a triumphant smile, that brightened all his countenance. She was dressed in a beautiful white satin, emblem of her virgin purity. Bright gems, intermingled with artificial flowers, adorned her glossy hair, and heaved upon her snowy bosom.—Her bright eyes spoke the language of love, and her glowing cheek was empurpled with a warm blush, that rendered her still more lovely. From his lordship's hands Mr. Barclay received his beautiful bride;—Sir James Barclay, Sir Robert, and myself, were present,

sent, with a few select friends, and, after the ceremony was over, shared a genial banquet, at which social mirth presided.

THE bridegroom, glowing with unspeakable rapture, kept his eyes perpetually upon his fair spouse, and exulted in her superior charms. At night he retired earlier than the company broke up, to clasp to his breast the most chaste and lovely among women.

MAY every felicity health, riches, and a numerous offspring can bestow, attend upon them; and may they live to rear up a race like themselves, amiable and virtuous.

THIS moment I have heard that Mrs. Creswel is dead: she expired in an apoplectic

plectic fit. This piece of news I know will, in some measure, damp the joy of the new-married pair, though most people would think they had little reason to be concerned at the event.—Sir James Barclay bids me remember him to his son's friend and tutor; and I am, with my best wishes for your happiness, yours with all sincerity,

GOODWIN.

LETTER CII.

Miss A. WILLIS to Mrs. CLEVELAND.

August 22.

YES, my dear, your arguments are indeed cogent; they carry conviction with them. You have shewn me my follies: I see them now in their proper light, and blush for myself. Barclay, the honourable, the just, the amiable Barclay, is no more the object of my absurd wild passion, and still more absurd jealousy; but he is become the object of my sincere and lasting esteem. Nor is this empty praise and fruitless admiration; for I will endeavour to imitate, whilst I applaud his virtues. If there be an approach

proach to perfection in human nature, certainly it is to be seen in him : I say an *approach* ; for it were impious madness to suppose absolute perfection in this mortal scene : no, that is reserved for another and a better state ; yet the nearer we verge towards it below, the fitter we shall doubtless be for inheritors of the kingdom of purity hereafter.

THE situation of my affairs, and those of my acquaintance, has led me unawares into this train of reflexions : and, indeed, to tell you truly, though I think I have discarded all heart-burnings and uneasiness, all passions of groundless anger, and useless repinings at the awards of Providence, yet, my dear, there remains upon my spirits a kind of not unpleasing melancholy, and a more than common in-

inclination to solitude and acts of devotion.—It should seem as if Heaven had called me, by its grace, from the cares of this world, in order that I might be induced to fix my mind on higher things.

POOR CRESWELL! I cannot think of him without compassion. Surely no man is so much to be pitied as one who has suffered his evil passions to predominate over him, and become habitual.—When he was brought to a due sense of himself, his penitence was exemplary: so would have been the course of the latter part of his life, having formed a scheme of retiring from the converse of the world.—I do not know how you will approve the resolution I have taken, to imitate him in that particular; but I must inform you, that I have determined to do so.—In

—shire

—shire is a rural retirement, which I intend to make my hermitage, and, withdrawing thither, to live to myself, and hold converse rather with the dead than with the living.—I have certainly more occasion to think of such a retreat than ever Barclay had. It was proper that he should be reconciled to the world, because the world wanted him.—Few, extremely few, are the patterns we have of social felicity.—This amiable gentleman and his lady may set a bright example to all wedded pairs, and teach them at once what it is to be virtuous and to be happy.

I, ALAS! have forfeited my part in the joys of society, from which I am, as it were, cut off by the effects of my misplaced and ill-governed passions.—I am told, indeed,

that I may yet find comfort in the hurry of the world; nay more, that I may still be blessed even in a married state. The person too is pointed out to me, with whom I am to possess this hoard of felicity: but these, believe me, are all idle dreams, the children of warm fancy, nourished in the brain of those who wish me well; and what they wish they fondly prophesy.—Undeceived by the great teacher, Time, I view things in a different light, and will no more subsist on empty hopes, the poor, precarious *Pensioner of an hour*.—If I seek satisfaction henceforth, I must endeavour to find it in myself alone;—externals can no longer furnish it. The changing seasons, the revolving hours, days, months, and years, begin with me to lose their pleasing variety.—The time was when each of these could give a certain uncountable

countable pleasure; when the beauties of the blooming Spring could warm my expanding breast with vernal joy; when Summer's genial gales revived my heart; and Autumn, harvest-crowned, imparted to my soul that calm serenity, that tranquil joy, with which its mildness blessed the ripened year: nor was the hoary ice-clad Winter void of its delights;—the fleecy landscapes of snow; the frost-bound stream; the iceicle depending from the straw-roofed cot, could please me wandering through the rural haunts; whilst at home each social dear delight beguiled the inclement season.—Now all are equal, and all cease to charm; not because they have lost their beauties, but because I am deprived of my relish for them.—There is, however, yet one pleasure remaining, which is that of holding this

dumb converse with my former friends : I am at this instant pursuing it to its fullest extent.—Yet who knows whether a letter of this melancholy kind can impart any pleasure to those whom I address it to—It might, perhaps, to some prove a disagreeable experiment; but I trust you will allow for the weakness of

ARABELLA WILLIS.

P. S. I intend writing by the next post to Mr. Barclay, to apologize for all the uneasiness I have been the cause of to that best of men.

L E P.

LETTER CIII.

Sir JAMES BARCLAY to Doctor HARLEY.

August 23.

THUS at last, my dear friend, have I lived to see my own misfortunes at an end; and, what I am still more thankful for, I have lived to see my beloved son happy. What grateful acknowledgments are not due, both from him and from myself, to you, who, mindful of ancient friendship, took such tender care of the child of an unhappy exile, at once protecting him from the rough blasts of fortune, and forming his young mind to wisdom and to virtue!

WHAT a contrast is here to the recent circumstance which we are all ac-

quainted with. On one hand, we behold a good man taking every degree of trouble to educate his friend's child, whilst, on the other, we see a mother cruelly abandoning her own; if not the immediate offspring of her body, yet one bound to her by every other tie of nature and humanity.—Our detestation of the latter must naturally rise in proportion to our admiration of the former. I could proceed; but having just been informed that Mrs. Creswel is dead, and has made all the reparation in her power for her crimes, I will leave the declamatory part of the subject, and only take this opportunity of giving you a brief detail of the manner in which this woman carried on her deceit, as you in your last * requested me to do.

* Not inserted in this collection.

WHEN

WHEN Mr. Creswel was once absent from England, in a public character, soon after his espousing this his second wife, that lady taking advantage of the circumstance, removed his child from the place whither she had previously sent it to be nursed, on pretence of having it conveyed into the country, for the benefit of the wholesome air; (her daughter-in-law was at that time placed with a female relation.) The young Creswel was accordingly sent down to a village within a few miles of B——l, and there remained with the wife of Jernegan, who was a principal in the plot, till it was ripe, and then they had orders to say that the child was dead, which they did; and afterwards sent him privately into Cornwall; where he was kept, for some time, by a person appointed for that purpose,

as the child of a Cornish gentleman whose name was Lovegrove. This man being afterwards instructed to abscond, the infant fell upon the parish, which reared him till the age of seven years;—but, at this period, Mrs. Creswel having received some hints that the affair was known to more than one or two persons, employed Jerne-gan again to take the lad out of the poor-house at ——— in Cornwall, and send him abroad. This was accordingly done, and an agreement made with Capt. ———, of the Gryphon, to take him as his cabin-boy. He did so; with instructions to endeavour all in his power at settling him somewhere abroad. Faithful to his trust, and finding he had a good genius and quick apprehension, he placed him with a merchant in Leghorn, whither the vessel was bound. This gentleman dying,

the

the late brother of Lord B—, who had lost a son, whom he imagined Mr. Creswel (now Lovegrove) to resemble, took him and brought him up as his own child. Fame, which is ever busy with malicious reports, soon spread abroad that this was his natural child; and Mr. B—, who was of an easy, indolent nature, was at no pains to contradict the report.— That gentleman dying in Italy, the Lord B—, his brother, took care of Lovegrove, owned him as his nephew, but, careful of his relation's honour, never mentioned the circumstance of his being a natural child, though he at first suspected him to be so.—And Lovegrove, who had many reasons to suppose himself descended from a good family, thought he could easily account for the mystery of his birth, by some private circumstances relating to his

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His reputed father, whose first marriage had been a stolen one. This, together with the affluence he lived in, and many other concurring circumstances, made him quite easy in regard to his descent. Nursed in the warm, luxurious climate of Italy, he there imbibed those principles of libertinism, and that false taste for pleasure, which proved afterwards so fatal to him.

WITH Lord B—— he returned to England; and, on his arrival, paid his addresses to his own sister: the event we are well acquainted with. It was extraordinary; —it might have proved dreadful: but Heaven preserved Miss Creswel for better fortunes; preserved her to make my dear (I hope I may say my deserving) son happy. This is all I asked to live for; and now this is accomplished, my end, which, in
the

THE HAPPY DISCOVERY. 221

the course of things, I feel will soon approach, will be neither unlooked for nor unwelcome.

CHARLES is here at this instant, and desires to be remembered to you in the most affectionate manner.—I need not tell you that your welfare, and that of your family, are ever dear to

II BARCLAY

LET

LETTER CIV.

Miss ARABELLA WILLIS to CHARLES
BARCLAY, Esq.

August 23.

I WRITE this, Mr. Barclay, to solicit
your forgiveness for every thing which
I may have said or done to your disad-
vantage; and hope you will excuse those
faults of which love was the only occa-
sion.

BLINDED by a violent passion, and
urged on by those who were enemies both
to you and me, I said I knew not what,
and urged your present spouse's marriage
with Mr. Lovegrove, whom I little ima-
gined.

gined to be her brother, in order to cut off from you all hopes of ever possessing her.

MISGUIDED by my love, I saw every object in a false light; and imagined that, because I had conceived a violent passion for you, it was therefore a crime in you not to love me, though you never gave me any rational grounds to suppose that you did.

CONVINCED by my own reason, and by your conduct, of my error, and awed by the immediate hand of Heaven, which has appeared to lead you to happiness, and your malicious foes to destruction, I here intreat your pardon for my weakness, and solemnly renounce all claim

being

to

to your affections, declaring, that (whatever favourable sentiments you might, at one time, entertain of me) you never made any promises, nor contracted any engagements, with the misguided

ARABELLA WILLIS.

Y ES, my dear friend, you say there is no such thing as happiness to be expected here. My felicity had been too great if Heaven had preserved to me the best of fathers. All who know his virtues, and all who consider how long I have been separated from him, and how lately he was found, cannot be surprised at my grief. Yet I mourn not as one without cause. The exemplary life of him I lament, and his almost

LETTER CV.

Sir CHARLES BARCLAY to Mr. GOODWIN.

[In answer to an epistle of condolance on the death of his father, which happened some weeks before the writing of this letter.]

October 5.

YES, my dear friend, you say truly, there is no such thing as happiness to be expected here. My felicity had been too great if Heaven had preserved to me the best of fathers. All who know his virtues, and all who consider how long I was separated from him, and how lately he was found, cannot be surpris'd at my grief; yet I mourn not *as one without hope*:—the exemplary life of him I lament, and his almost

almost blameless conduct (except in one instance) give me the greatest reason to conclude he is removed to a better state.

A FEW days after his decease, a formal visitor came to see me, who in one breath expressed his extreme sorrow for the loss of my father, and wished me joy, in a profusion of very high-flown words, of my accession to his title and estates. You may guess how welcome such a man must be to one in my situation. Good Heaven! how can people have hearts so unfeeling!—I am sure my poor Emily has grieved for my parent as if he had been her own; the silent tear has often stolen down her cheek, while she has been endeavouring to soothe my sorrows. In her I have still a consolation left, for which I am most thankful.

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ful to Providence. My friend, as I know you will not stand upon the formality of ceremonies, I take the liberty to cut this letter short, and assure you, that in the midst of all afflictions, however I may be perplexed with sorrows, there will always be a remembrance of you treasured up in the heart of

BARCLAY.

LET.

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LETTER CVI.

Lady BARCLAY to Mrs. HALLAM.

December 21.

YES, my dear Sophy, exultingly I own it, I am happy, as happy as with such losses, and such an heart as mine, it is possible I should be.

My dear, my generous Barclay, is at once the best of husbands and of men.—

His virtues become every day more conspicuous, and every day he grows more the friend and the delight of human kind.

I exult in his tender care, I rejoice in his protection, though I am yet a mourner for his excellent father's death. Woman,

my Sophy, a poor, weak, helpless being,
stands

stands in need of a protector; and man, rough in his manners, wants a polish, which can alone be given him by the softer sex.—United they are *beautiful*, because they supply each other's defects; they must be *amiable*, because they are the completion of the laws of Providence.

Thus *marriage is honourable*, and ever has it been honoured by me; though freely I confess I expected not to find it so happy a state as I now experience it to be; and I praise it the more, because I have been thus agreeably disappointed.

AND now, my friend, my weary pilgrimage is ended; and I am, as I hope, arrived at last in the harbour of rest. I look *back* on my past troubles with an anxious kind of pleasure, which is not a little

little heightened by the agreeable reflexion that I have nothing of guilt to charge upon myself, as the foundation of them. I view my *present* state with all the satisfaction that can be expected, and look forward to future years (if these be granted to me) with the pleasing hope of the continuance of those blessings, which whilst I *enjoy*, I shall, I hope, always endeavour to *deserve*.

ASSURED of the justice of Heaven in its dispensations, I am taught never to murmur against its Providence; and sensible of the fruitlessness of excessive sorrow, I shall cease to pour out unavailing tears for irremediable misfortunes. May all those who have known these events be of the same opinion; and all who shall hereafter hear of them, adduce
from

from them such lessons of virtue and prudence, as to profit by our example;—

Taught, ere too late, to steer by wisdom's rule,
Nor wait sad precepts from affliction's school:
But learn, with us, this awful Truth to know,
“That *sudden passions* end in *lasting woe*.”

F I N I S.

ERRATA in Vol. II.

- Page 23, line 3.** *for October 13, read Sept. 16.*
P. 63, l. 3. *for WILLIAM MAINE, Esq. read Sir
WILLIAM MAINE.*
P. 113, l. 3. *for November 10, read Nov. 18.*
P. 116, l. 10. *for she bid me, read she bade me.*
P. 212, l. 5. *for the FOUR following, read the
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